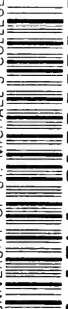


UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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**LETTERS TO MY SISTER**

**OF OUR EXPERIENCES**

**ON**

**OUR FIRST TRIP**

**TO EUROPE**

**1913**

*Lillian and Tom M<sup>c</sup>Carroll*

*10247*



On train, Buffalo.

**Aug. 18, 1913, 7.30 p.m.**

My dear May and Father:

Dinner is over and we are enjoying the drawing room, having changed the section so as to get more air. It is so very warm.

Had a nice meal of roast beef, hashed brown potatoes, beets, corn, ice cream (apple pie for Tom), and when we returned to our reservation I donned the new gown and slippers. It is a little treat to be able to sit and enjoy the breeze coming in.

My little present given me at the depot was a five-dollar gold piece and two tens—very nice. We have also enjoyed some of the candies. Express our thanks to M. D—.

Will write again before we sail, and we hope to have your letters waiting for us.

New York, Mauretania.

**Aug. 20, 2.30 p.m.**

So far we are all right and quite in love with everything. At 1.10 this morning we sailed amid cheers of all kinds, waving of hands, handkerchiefs, and the Mauretania blew her whistle of departure until fully turned and proceeding on her voyage. It must have been 2 before we went to stateroom. Tom was so anxious to see what was to be seen that we remained on deck until almost all lights and illuminations from the tall buildings of New York and opposite shore were lost to view.



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Our stateroom is on D deck, quite convenient to the dining saloon, and situated at mid-ship, and so also are our deck chairs in the front row on the promenade. We seem to have things just as we want them. Our table in the dining room is just for two. Tom wished it this way so as to avoid clashing with unpleasant company or American Jews who are traveling. The flowers, baskets of fruit (champagne) which have been sent aboard by friends for some of the passengers are very beautiful and tempting.

We were up at 10.30, had breakfast at 11, enjoyed our deck chairs and a long walk until 1.30 p.m., when we went to lunch. I am rather afraid Tom will be ill from a big appetite if not from seasickness—bacon, eggs, cereals, toast, plain bread, coffee—and then soup, chicken, fried potatoes, tomatoes, sago pudding, ice cream and “coffee” again— isn’t that some capacity? And now that we have our sea legs we can pass the time happily enough and thoroughly enjoy ourselves in blissful idleness.

The ladies are somewhat fussed in cream suits or nice summer dresses made of colored linens, crash, etc., stockings to match, pumps and light-colored coats.

I have been wearing my black moire suit and the pretty white lace collar and jabot Mrs. Williams of Winnipeg had so kindly forwarded to the steamer with her best wishes for a pleasant trip. Wasn’t it good of her? And I was quite surprised on entering our stateroom after breakfast to find a pretty card and greeting



from Sister Immaculate Heart—a friend of the McCarron family.

You would really never know you were sailing—everything is so steady, and until you look out on the throbbing seascape could you believe it. If I were on the Cayuga in this sea I would be down and out long ago. The sea caps have been with us all the way and some of the waves have come over deck. Our porthole, which is almost as large as your little kitchen window, had to be closed. From our experience we have found that the Toronto office of the Cunard Line is not familiar with the best location when booking passengers. While we are on the dining saloon deck—one of the others, promenade—B or A are more preferable. However, the Cunard Line, unrivaled for its safety and magnificence, offers its patrons all the comforts desirable. The cuisine is excellent and needs no commendation better than our hearty appetites. We have enjoyed all. The orchestra plays during meals and in the lounge in the evenings.

Did Ollie get away yet? Hope he is feeling better. You might 'phone Mrs. Dandy and Mrs. Martin, or perhaps read this to them, and I will keep you posted of our doings, as it takes a great deal of time to write each one at any length.

Be sure and write often to us. Heaps of love. Hope Puppins is all right.

## Friday, Aug. 23.

Thursday was a very disastrous day for me; in fact, ever since we left New York we faced a very strong wind from the East, and we encountered the severest since March—rather unfortunate to start with. However, it has cleared to-day and I am feeling all right. I went to bed Wednesday at 9 and remained until Friday morning. I was not ill, but I couldn't sit up and feel comfortable, so the stewardess said if I felt better it would be just as well for me to lie down. But it didn't bother Tom at all. He is an A1 sailor, considering almost all on board were sick. He was able to put away his usual pile, promenade, and enjoy everything that was going. He is very busy in a game of deck quoits now, and he is enjoying it so much he is already speaking of coming again.

To tell you something of the Mauretania, I might say the writing room and library is furnished with rosewood writing tables, chairs and couches, the latter upholstered in rose-colored velvet, curtains in rose with Dresden border. This is the style all through the steamer.

The crew are all very attentive and they give the passengers the very best of care, seeing that all are comfortable with steamer rugs and feet raised off the floor when resting.

Someone was telling Tom it takes 1,800 pounds of bread a day to feed all, and five butchers to carve the beef.

So far I haven't met any of the passengers. There is one Toronto man on—G. Perry. He used to skate at Victoria and I think was con-

nected with the Canadian General at one time.

On deck it is quite amusing to watch the different styles worn. Mostly all the men wear cream flannel trousers and rubber-soled shoes. The ladies are fitted up as if on the board walk at Atlantic City.

In the furious storm blowing yesterday one of the lifeboats became unfastened, which meant the Mauretania had to stop her engines, change the course for some time in order to get it in place.

There was a heavy rain Thursday night and this morning, and if you could see the mountainous waves the ship is ploughing through you wouldn't wonder she would be tossing. If I had been frightened I think I would have been real ill. I haven't been in the dining room since, had lunch served to me on deck, as did all the people who were ill. Remaining in bed helped to keep me well. The lady in the state-room next to us has been in bed ever since she came on. She is suffering from nervous shock from a motor accident in which her husband, Mr. Osgood Pell, was killed. Her maid is busy in attendance on her. A great many have maids and valets with them, while others keep the steward and stewardess busy. Ten minutes is allowed for bathing.

**Sunday, Aug. 25.**

We have just come from having lunch, and Tom certainly put away a goodly share. Since leaving New York he has been able to enjoy all his meals, and if he can relish them in the same quantity as he can take them it is some size. We have had almost all kinds of weather. While Saturday was a very beautiful day, it rained heavily at 7 p.m., and again Sunday morning, but since noon the sun has come out and the hazy atmosphere is clearing and all are enjoying the decks.

We attended, with a great many others, the Seamen's Orphanage aid concert in the second class cabin last evening, which consisted principally of talent among the second class passengers, and afterwards the musicale in the lounge, and did not go to bed until 12 or a little later. Perhaps to-day we are more fortunate than unfortunate as all on board are talking of the narrow escape at 3 a.m. The "Imperator," the new German liner, which is on its fourth trip, evidently lost something overboard and had lifeboats lowered just a half-mile off, which is considered very close at sea, at the speed these steamers travel. The Mauretania gave the signal that she would take the starboard, but on approaching found the Imperator standing, which meant the Mauretania gave one quick turn on her side to avoid any damage, and many passengers were tossed out of bed. Tom and I slept so soundly that we know nothing of it, and I think it was lucky for us we didn't.

There were two church services this morning—Catholic and Anglican—and mostly all attended both—no sermons, of course. Later on the chief steward accompanied us, with two other ladies and gentlemen, with an officer as rear guard, through the second and third class, even to the kitchen and pantries, which we found very interesting. It is really worth a trip in itself to see the equipment and service, but there is only one way to travel, and that is first class.

In the kitchen we were introduced to the head chef, and we noticed everything is put through very officially. When an order is handed in by the waiter it has a time stamp, and when it is prepared it is stamped, so that there is no chance of losing time. All roasts, in fact, all cooking, is done by charcoal; 2,000 knives cleaned daily by an electric machine, 24 barrels of flour used each day in making buns, rolls, and bread. In a separate kitchen, where it is a little more pleasant, the cold meats, etc., are being decorated, for instance, when a cold ham is skinned it is done up fancy with beets, cucumber, etc.; the same with jellied meats and chickens, and all look so nicely when served from the buffet in the first class dining saloon at luncheon. There is also a pastry kitchen, where fancy mixed cakes, such as macaroons, chocolate eclairs, etc., are made. Just recently the King and Queen visited these parts, we were told, and sampled the sweet things.

We also visited the regal suite, which is very superb. The fittings are beautiful.

I had a few pennies and distributed them among the children in the steerage as we passed, and the mothers thanked me in every case and were glad to get them.

All amusements are closed for the day and the Sunday is very much observed as on land.

It will be Tuesday 10 a.m. when we arrive in Liverpool, and I will be glad to have the suspense over with.

There is a young man aboard who has been made immensely rich by bringing an old convict vessel across to New York which was raised from the sea at Australia. It is probably 300 or 400 years old, and is called the "Success."

There is a sailing vessel approaching us now, and Tom is anxious for me to see it, so will leave off until I write again. Really, from where I am sitting it doesn't look as big as some in the Toronto harbor. To me it seems awful to attempt this passage and it must take weeks to make the voyage.

Hope you will keep well until we return.

**Monday, 3 p.m., Aug. 25, 1913.**

I have been addressing some postals and this will be my last note until we land.

There is an old governess here beside me, traveling with a family of three little girls and two boys from Chili, S. America, and she has had the greatest time in showing one of them to write a little letter postal. She has enough

patience to carry her almost across the ocean. Mostly all the families who have children have a maid and governess.

Sir Richard McBride, of British Columbia, the member, is crossing, and while he is a very fine looking man, has a little resemblance of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He spends a great deal of time with a little widow, made so by the Titanic disaster.

We have met some very nice New Yorkers, and they play the games with Tom, and, needless to say, they always ask me to join in the treats. One is interested in the new theatre being built on Victoria or Yonge Streets, and I rather think he is a Jew, but immensely rich, and no one ever came to Shea's funnier than he. The other two are very large men and, as you know, Tom is no small mite, but the fourth is very small, and it is really funny to listen to him. He came aboard fully prepared to be ill, brought cushions and rugs, and he has surprised himself. This is his ninth crossing and the only one not to be sick, and Mr. Ludwig, who is on his 37th passage and was never sick before, was very ill on Thursday, and Mr. Fox was very bad too.

We will soon be in sight of land, are nearing the coast of Ireland, and since 7 p.m. Sunday it has been considerably cooler.

At lunch one can order their dinner for the evening. I have ordered cream of tomato soup, chicken, roast lamb, mint sauce, tomatoes, celery, lettuce, corn on the cob, peas, pickled onions, rolls, ice cream, fruit and tea, and if I can get away with some of that I ought to hold

for a while. I much prefer the raw fruit and vegetables. I have had a good feed of corn so often, and I don't think Toronto or Canada ever produced any so good.

Everyone is very busy writing. Mr. Wilcox, of Winnipeg, one of the T. Eaton Co.'s buyers, is on board, and he tells us only six of their men can travel on the one steamer since the Titanic.

At luncheon the people come in as if dressed for the King Edward, in fancy suits, dresses and gloves, and while some look exceedingly nice there are some awful freaks. Every day you see someone you have not seen before.

### **Monday, 9 p.m.**

This is the menu we had for our little dinner party. Doesn't it sound good? It certainly tasted fine.

We have enjoyed the glasses, and could bring the shore or coast of Ireland right close, and could see the smallest houses and how the land was laid out in cultivation.

One hundred or more passengers are ready to disembark at Fishguard, and, of course, will have to remain up all night and then sit up again on the express until they reach London at 8 a.m. I am tired writing, having remembered all with a few lines.



**Tuesday, 3.30 p.m., Aug. 26.**

We are at last in blooming old England and are comfortably located in this beautiful new hotel, The Midland Adelphi, only six months in business, with two large additions being built, which will make it the largest in the whole island. I have just had an afternoon nap and feel fine, but still have a little motion of the boat.

Landing at Fishguard or at least disembarking passengers at 2.10 a.m. for London greatly disturbed the peaceful slumber of a good many. Of course, it was optional, and as I did not feel sleepy, thought it might be worth remaining up. Packed our trunks and was on deck when the first tender—a boat looking as large as the Chicora—came to one side for baggage, and the trunks certainly got a great tumbling down two decks on the chute. The other boat, on the opposite side, received the mail, over 3,000 bags, and, strange to say, the baggage and mail got preference over the people. At 3 a.m. we retired and were called at 7.30, expecting to land at Liverpool at 10.30. For an hour or more before this we came into fog or haziness and the lighthouse boats were blowing all the time as a guidance for the mighty Mauretania, which is really a floating palace, and at 10 a.m. she was put in tow and at 10.10 the baggage and mails were soon sliding down the moving staircase to be hurried off to the post office. When the passengers were allowed off, at 10.40, all trunks, handbags, etc., were placed under your initial for

inspection. A splendid system, for one knows immediately just where to find the luggage, and as soon as an officer is available the ransacking commences and the passenger hears the verdict. However, the officer who attended us was good enough to take our word, and we did not even have to open our trunks at all.

Soon we were in the bus, similar to those going to the King Edward, and went to the Midland Railway depot before going to the hotel. Even this large hotel was filled and we had to wait to have a room vacated. The Carmania, which was due to sail that day, accounted for the rush of business.

After getting settled I enquired at Cook's office in Lord Street for mail, but did not receive any. Had a letter from Dollie, Jim and two of Elizabeth's from Berlin, Germany, on the steamer at Fishguard. They have had three weeks of steady rain, and I hope we will escape it.

We had a drive before coming up to sleep, and from the general appearance in the centre of the city one is not very favorably impressed. See so many greasy looking and poor people. So many men who I don't believe ever had on a white collar, wearing a big thick muffler.

There was no fog, very clear and sunshiny, just pleasant for getting around. The houses are built of brick, very substantial, and very much like New York apartments on the street line. Where there is a lawn, such as on Roxboro Street, there is a stone fence 3 feet high with a green shrubbery.

And another very noticeable thing here are

the large horses. Mr. Wilcox mentioned this to us before parting on the steamer, and I think horses will always take Tom's attention everywhere.

Well, May, Tom is waiting for me to have dinner, so will say good-bye, and before doing so must tell you the Cunard people treat their passengers excellently and Tom only wished the trip had lasted another week.

We sent a cable at 10 and you should have it at breakfast Tuesday.

Hotel Cecil, Strand, London, W.C.

**Thursday, Aug. 28.**

I am just taking a little rest, and write these few lines to tell you that we have made a change from the St. Ermin's for the reason that the Cecil is more centrally located, more up-to-date, and a more beautiful hotel at a rate of 5/ cheaper (\$1.25), which will pay some of the taxis in a day. Every time we went out from the St. Ermin's we had to drive, and as this is in the theatrical centre as well as the shops it is a great deal more convenient.

Called on Mr. Dodd, representative of the Maclean Publishing Co., and he has invited us to his summer home on the sea for next Sunday, which I think we will enjoy.

Tried to get Mr. McKim, but he was out. Sent a note to Mr. Duff, telling him where he could find us.

Received two letters yesterday from Dollie

and one from Elizabeth Deacon, but so far none from Toronto. Hope you have written.

We went to the Empire last evening and it was the most entertaining vaudeville I have ever seen, away ahead of New York. Have booked to see "The Girl on the Film," a musical comedy at the Gayety.

Already we have commenced our sightseeing and visited the court house, saw the Chief Justice High Court and the Criminal Bench, on which Dr. Crippen received his sentence.

Colonel Maclean is here, and he had already told Mr. Dodd of the McCarron House transfer and sale, so the news has traveled abroad ahead of us.

This is really a wonderful city, but I haven't my thoughts gathered enough to tell you, but will in another letter.

### **Friday, Aug. 29.**

Since sending off a postal to you I have had a little rest and sleep. It is so tiresome tramping around, just in the stores, because we usually take taxis or trams. The former, of course, I much prefer, as they are so nice and clean. In the lower part of the tram it is very close, and on the top they seem to sway a great deal, which I don't like after coming off the steamer. They are very much like those green buses on Fifth Avenue in New York.

From our window we can hear one continual blowing of the taxi horns. They are really innumerable here, and then the Cecil has a large

court in which the vehicles drive in for or with guests, and the horn sounds more loudly than on the street, and on the Strand there is a line just waiting for the porter's whistle to come in. I really could not give you any idea of the traffic scenes and how it is handled so well. This is really one thing that strikes the visitor very forcibly—the system.

Well, we started out this morning first for Harrod's, Limited, as we understood it was the largest departmental store, and so it is—it is lovely.

After lunch we drove to Selfridge's, in Oxford Street, but as there was an awful difference in the two stores, we went out and a policeman directed us to Whiteley's. We got on a tram, rode as far as Queen's Road, and walked three blocks, to find ourselves in a much inferior place, even the locality denoted that, and we hailed another taxi for the Cecil.

It is now 5.15 p.m. and we have to dress for dinner before going to the theatre. The performance starts at 8.15, but the people do not really come until 9.30, when the announcement of Revue is put out.

This is a magnificent hotel, and built with office in front, immense large sitting room, ceiling must be as high as our house, done in white ornamental plaster, blue and gold combination of color used in the furnishings, chairs gold wicker and blue brocaded cushions. An immense heavy gold electric fixture in the shape of candle lights hangs in centre, and on an elevation of several steps, perhaps six, is an adjoining room of the same design, and

elevating three more steps is another room done up in rose and gold, and is what they call the lounge. The others are used as palm rooms. Huge gold caskets on brass stands contain large ferns and palms. In here afternoon tea is served from 4 to 6, and in the evening late theatre suppers.

**Saturday, 6 p.m., Aug. 30, 1913.**

We have been sightseeing all day and it is certainly very tiresome. We went driving, first seeing Westminster Abbey, the seat of the Anglican Church and the Coronation place of the English rulers. Buckingham Palace, the home of King George, who is, by the way, in the country, is having a new front, or, rather, the exterior cleaned during his absence, to replace the very, very old plain one. So much fog and heavy salt-water atmosphere has ruined mostly all the good buildings, they are so dirty and damp looking.

The Royal stables are mansions, and the horses that live there are favored. When you see the enormous number of poor women and cripples begging, or trying to make a few pennies by selling flowers, matches, or some small wares on the streets, it seems almost criminal to have so much wealth accumulated in one place. Some poor things are trying to steal even a little nap, and as late as 11 or 12, when the theatre crowds are returning, they are out, and at the same time taxis, with beautifully

dressed ladies and men in evening suits, silk hats, are hurrying to some of the fashionable restaurants to sip champagne, perhaps for supper, or to smoke cigarettes. It doesn't seem right. We have seen parts where you could hardly believe there was such a thing as poverty, while in others the hardship is awful. Women stand outside drinking their glass of beer. Barmaids in all the small saloons.

We have been told the Duke of Westminster is immensely rich, and draws £2 a minute whether asleep or awake. Just imagine the wealth he must have. Some of this would be well appreciated if distributed.

In our drive we saw Trafalgar Square, as well as many others, in all of which there is some big memorial monument to some Royalty or hero, such as King Edward, Victoria, Duke of Wellington, etc., too many to mention. We also visited St. Paul's Cathedral, the largest Protestant church in the world, and fashioned after St. Peter's, of Rome; 260 years old this September; took 35 years to build. At different parts there are guides who explain things nicely. We mounted 236 steps to a large gallery (612 to the top of the tower), and at the entrance there was a guide who said "Go to the opposite side and I will talk to you"—112 feet across. And when we were comfortably seated he gently put his head to the wall and whispered what he had to tell us, and you would have thought there was someone just behind talking to us. It was the strangest thing, and they found it out accidentally when some workmen were busy doing something.

After coming down these stairs our limbs just shook, and it was this that made me feel so tired.

There are 7,000 taxis doing business in London, and at the time of cabs there were 30,000, and it took 11,000 to do the business. Of course, there are any number of trams and buses—a penny a ride.

I must tell you that in Hyde Park we saw a cemetery for dogs, and each one has a nice tombstone with name, etc. There are hundreds of dogs buried, and Tom has suggested sending Puppies here.

It is 6.30 again, and we are going to the London Opera House to see "Come Over Here."

We met Tom's friends from the steamer this morning.

### **Sunday, Aug. 31.**

It is very dull and damp outside to-day and it is really much pleasanter to sit in this magnificent room and listen to the music which is given specially for dinner on Sunday, a copy of which I enclose.

We went to Rev. Bernard Vaughan's church, but, unfortunately, he is in Ireland at the present time, so we were a little disappointed.

From early morn chimes were sounding in all directions, and the Sabbath is apparently observed very nicely; even the mail has no delivery. Thought we might have received something.



Tom has taken a walk as far as the St. Ermin's to see if there is any there.

We enjoyed "Come Over Here" very much, and I am sending my souvenir under separate cover. Usually in the final chorus they distribute favors, and in two places I have been fortunate enough to have one thrown to me.

In the London Opera House, which is really magnificent; in fact, everything is too grand for me to give you any idea of the luxurious fittings, there was an elevated platform down the centre aisle and the rows of flowers along the sides were illuminated with electric bulbs, and it was on this the company finally appeared, throwing the souvenirs. Some received a long gold stick or wand tied with a large bouquet and bird on the top.

There were 12 scenes—one in Switzerland, with toboggan slide and everything for winter sport, as well as ice for the skaters. It was a magnificent thing.

Another was a Venetian scene, with a young man and lady in a gondola, and when the little ducks came swimming in, and each one in its turn flapped its wing as if bowing to the audience, much applause was given, and it was so cute. The two in the boat threw something to them to eat. There were also some swimming girls, who went down in the water and came up in the grandest shades.

You will notice in looking at the programme a French lady—"the spider web." It is something new. She is done up in a velvet outfit to represent a spider, and she climbs on the web, which occupies the whole stage, and

manoeuvres around just like a spider, and when the beautiful butterfly and bluebeetle appear (two girls) the spider comes down and jumps around until it catches the smaller insects, and when the spider bites he finishes them by throwing them up against the web and they are supposed to be dead. It is really a very novel thing and very well acted.

Tom has come back from the St. Ermin's and finds there is some mail for Dollie but none for us. Good-bye with love.

### **Monday, Sept. 1.**

This is another rainy day. We did not get up until near 11, had breakfast and lunch together, and I am now waiting for Tom to come from the barber's.

After dinner yesterday we visited two of the largest art galleries and museums, spending some two or more hours there. The National Gallery contains the principal masterpieces, many of which are world-famous. Practically every school is represented by the finest works of its greatest painters, and some of the Italian productions are as old as 1330.

On returning we drove through Whitechapel, 7 miles, to see something of the poorer districts and what has been described as "the low life deeps." In a city of such vastness there are numerous slum districts, shoals of poverty and despair, but Whitechapel is the most familiar, and in comparison, they say, with the Bowery of New York, it is quiet, even

dull, and decidedly not dangerous. We saw some awfully filthy people and especially in the Jewish section. The streets are so narrow and crowded, but they seem to have good policing.

Had dinner in the American grill about 6.30 p.m., and sat in the palm room to listen to the music and particularly the solos by Mr. Cook and Miss Weiss, but once was quite enough, and then we retired to have a good sleep.

Nearly everywhere it is French attendants—the waiters are all French, and a great deal of the cooking is Frenchy. When away from the hotel we look for American grill, where we can get plain bread, Heinz's catchup and pickles.

We are going now to see Messrs. Burroughs & Watts, the large manufacturers of pool and billiard tables; also to see Mr. Jenkins, Tom's friend, and then Mr. McKim. We have already covered quite a lot of ground in two weeks.

Tom met someone on the street he knew in Toronto. There are a number of Toronto people registered at the Cecil, but the place is so immense one could not see them unless by appointment.

I suppose Car and Em are home again. Hope you are feeling better. Has Ollie returned?

Tom is coming for me. Love to all. Read letters to Maudie, as I can't write too many.

**Monday, Sept. 1, 5 p.m.**

Have just received your letter of the 23rd, and was so glad to get it; also one from Mrs. Dandy and R. E. Duff. I was beginning to think he was not going to look us up, but he is out of the city and will not be in until the 6th or 7th, and he has asked us to give him an evening. I know he will entertain us nicely. He had a letter or telegram from A. W. Hughes at the time he received mine.

We called to see Mr. McKim, but he is feeling a little "queer," as the clerk said, meaning ill, and has not been to the office since Thursday.

Met the manager at Burroughs and Watts and he was good enough to entertain us with a little talk generally and showed us the different sample rooms fitted up for the high priced homes—some costing \$4,000.

Indeed, he was very nice and told us when in Canada last year he met one of the Orr brothers, and he evidently had seen over the property, for he knew the number of tables, etc. He invited Tom to some of the good games of billiards if we were in London at the season they commence playing. In the upper storey of their warerooms is a large room with a billiard table for the exhibition or professional games. Red leather cushioned chairs on the sides and an elevated part, such as one would see in a theatre, on each end, where spectators can fully enjoy the games. Everything here is for the comfort and pleasure of the man with money.

We then drove to Harrods, Ltd., the big store, and put in another couple of hours.

I will write to the Mauretania to forward your letters to Paris. I can get them on her return trip. Sorry they arrived too late to reach me before sailing.

Glad to know all are well. Remember us kindly to Mrs. Oliver and the boys. Love to the family.

Margaret's picture is cute.

## **Tuesday, Sept. 2.**

This is another miserable day, raining now for the past three days, and it is real cool and unpleasant outside, so I am contenting myself inside while Tom has gone to Oxford Street to call again on Mr. Jenkins. We are to have afternoon tea with Mr. McKim at 5. He is a semi-invalid and unable to come out, so we are going to see him on his invitation.

London is very busy. The buildings are built of either white brick or stone, are very dirty, and have the appearance of Canadian streets in March or April when frozen after rain and the buildings are shining with white frost. This is due, I believe, to the salt water atmosphere, and in time it completely spoils things. The cleanest or newest thing we have seen is Queen Victoria's memorial, a large fountain in front of Buckingham Palace, or rather in the centre of the streets which cross there. Guards of honor are on duty all the time in front of the palace, as well as the armories,

etc., and have small boxes or stalls where they stand, no room to sit; others march up and down like a Polar bear; some are mounted on horseback.

The policemen resemble very much the Toronto force, the uniforms being almost the same. In the warm weather they wear a straw helmet.

### **Thursday, Sept. 4.**

We have just received the papers of the 19th and note with interest the items marked. Don't know Mr. Baylis, do I?

You will notice the Cunard office had the impression that the Mauretania sailed at the time they told us. Mr. Wilcox, the Eaton Co.'s buyer from Winnipeg, had booked seats for the theatre that night and just as he was going the clerk in the McAlpin Hotel told him the steamer sailed at midnight, consequently changing all his plans.

Had a card this a.m. from Dollie from Paris. She will arrive in London on Saturday.

As I told you, we called on Mr. McKim, to find he had his face in a bandage to cover a big carbuncle just at his temple, and while it was not painful he had to remain in and the doctor had bandaged his face so.

His apartments are cute, big easy chairs, couches, piano, etc., and different varieties of smokes for his callers. Mr. Thurston, an old friend, called while we were there, and he was exceedingly nice. Mr. McKim then showed

his hospitality by getting whiskey and soda, served from silver tray, cut glass decanter and glasses, but Tom had to refuse on account of not drinking, and Mr. Thurston was so glad to hear Tom say so, as it did not agree with him and he could refuse too. Then Mr. McKim busied himself by making tea, which was served from silver tea service, with two kinds of cake. The cluny lace cloth was exceptionally nice, and, altogether, we spent two very pleasant hours, and as he hopes to see us again we did not say good-bye.

After dinner we went to see "Within the Law," a real good drama. You must see it if it ever goes to Toronto. Wednesday the sun came out a little, but as I did not feel too good I remained in, while Tom went to the sale stables to see the horses sold. He is particularly anxious to see the King's stables, and I think he will be off there to-day. It is now 1.30 and I am not out of the room yet. Tom ordered breakfast to the room for me, and I can enjoy it while he goes to the grill for steak, bacon and eggs.

I am not awfully taken with the taste of some things, and to me everything has a funny smell. I think it is the water. We saw "The Real Thing" played by Allan Aynesworth and Miss Terry, a daughter of Ellen Terry. Very nice.

Had a letter from Mr. Dodd, telling us how to reach Westcliff, and he is expecting us on Sunday. Colonel Maclean sailed on Wednesday, but I did not see him.

There are some very cute little puppies here.

Prince Charles seems to be the most favored.

I must get out; the sun is shining beautifully through a clouded sky, which is considered very fine here.

### **Friday, Sept. 5.**

Another rainfall, starting about 3.30, which means that there can be no outdoor sightseeing this afternoon.

We had an early start this morning, getting up at 7 a.m., had breakfast, took a tram to Westminster Abbey, which is unique in historic interest as the Coronation Church of English Sovereigns and the burial place of the distinguished dead.

The abbey is, architecturally, one of the most beautiful Gothic buildings in England, and contains the memorials of kings and queens up to the time of "some" George.

From there we went to the St. Ermin's, inquired for mail; but none for us, some for Dollie. Also visited the Army and Navy Stores, Limited, a large departmental store owned by membership, which means purchasers must have a membership ticket or number.

Then to Westminster Cathedral, founded or built by Cardinal Vaughan, some years ago, but is wanting a great deal of money to complete it.

Making our way back, we went into the Canadian Commissioner's office, and had a look at all the late Toronto papers on file. Saw notice of Mrs. O'Hagan's death. Her son was



with The Maclean Publishing Co., and I met him in Eaton's the day before leaving.

Had a letter from Dollie this morning and one yesterday. Tom has booked seats to take the party to the Hippodrome Saturday, when they arrive.

We are going to see Gaby Deslys to-night. Saw a vaudeville at the Tivoli last night, but it was poor, after seeing the other very good houses and shows.

On our return from Hampton Court, about 7.30, we only had time to get a little to eat in order to be in time for some theatre, and the Tivoli being next door to the Cecil on the Strand we went in there, but was not very well impressed. There is a saloon in connection with it, and the bartenders walk up and down the aisles with tray and towel ready to serve or take an order.

We were, no doubt, the poorest customers present. Everybody has a bottle of wine, etc., at meal time, and ice water, tea or coffee is not served unless specially asked for.

Have sent cards to a great many friends, including all in Bradford, Gilford, and the people in Shaw Street.

It is cool enough for my heavy black suit. The autumn, I think, has already set in.

At Hampton Court we spent some very interesting time viewing the old palace, built in the 16th century by Cardinal Wolsey, and later presented to Henry VIII, and the beautiful gardens, renowned for their old-fashioned charm and wealth of flowers, and the famous grape vine, which is situated at the end of the Pond

Garden, planted in 1768. The grape is of a black variety and as many as 2,200 bunches have been produced. Its principal branch is 114 feet long and is spoken of as the largest in Europe, if not in the world.

In the thirty-six rooms open there are about one thousand pictures by three hundred artists of every school and style and every degree of merit. To assist the visitor a guide, who can be procured on entering for a small fee, points out the most notable, and it really saves a great deal of time.

The tapestries, too, are beautiful, and the finest, I believe, are in the Great Hall, eight pieces illustrative of episodes in the life of Abraham. They are exquisitely designed and of wonderful workmanship.

Every room, from the Great Staircase, the King's Guard Chamber, Presence Chamber, Audience Chamber, Drawing Room, State Bedroom, Dressing Room, Writing Room, and the Queen's various rooms are full of interest and articles priceless as to value. Money could not buy them.

At the present time there are 45 titled ladies and one man, the parson, living at the palace, occupying 45 suites. Guards of honor are stationed outside, patrolling with a rifle on their shoulder, and walking just a certain number of steps to a turn, as if counting or marking time.

The drive to Hampton was very nice, passing along the Victoria Embankment, through Westminster to Chelsea, one of the picturesque districts of London; Richmond Park, Kingston-on-Thames, the place of coronation of the Saxon

kings, and returning by Bushey Park, Teddington, Kew, the famous gardens; Hammersmith, Kensington, Piccadilly, Leicester Square, and the Cecil on the Strand, our London home.

At the High Commissioner's office this morning we were told we would not require passports for the other countries we intend visiting. Will probably know to-morrow or Sunday when we will be leaving London. Dollie's itinerary calls for Scotland first before Ireland. Just the reverse to what we thought it would be.

Hope you are well, including Puppins. See some very nice dogs here, there is a particularly nice one in the hotel. And monstrous cats are sitting around on doorsteps with much comfort, and don't seem afraid of the immense traffic and dogs.

### **September 6.**

I won't attempt to write very much just now. I don't like the pen available and we are just going out again.

Received your three letters and the large envelope containing the mail sent to Roxboro. Thanks very much. Also one from Mrs. Martin. Will reply later.

We are going to see London Tower and Bridge.

Had a very pleasant morning at Houses of Parliament and the Crystal Palace, the Imperial throne in the former being the special feature.

## **Saturday, Sept. 6.**

Have just come in by way of a little rest, and before dressing to meet Dollie, as this is the day of their arrival in London, will tell you what we have been doing to-day.

First of all, we were real glad to have all your letters and to know you and father are well. Don't overtire yourself and you will be all right. Keep taking the tonic.

We drove to Crystal Palace, where we spent some time viewing the different booths and other things of interest. Of course, it is a little late in the season and some are already closed. It is an immense building, principally of glass, and would remind one of Toronto's Industrial Building at the Fair grounds. Outside, all attractions, such as at Scarborough Beach, are for the amusement of the crowds. But I must say the peanuts were a great disappointment to me. Too damp to enjoy.

It was fully 3 p.m. before we arrived back at the Cecil, had lunch, and on our way to the Tower and Bridge. We were just in time to see this great mechanical construction open to allow a German liner to pass down the Thames.

The Tower of London is full of historic interest, and used at one time for State prisoners. The Regalia or Crown Jewels, including the Imperial Crown, are kept there, and it was our pleasure to see the crown used for the recent coronation. In order to alter it to fit the late King Edward a search for 25 pearls to match had to be made through 25 packages of 5,000 pearls. It contains 2,818 diamonds, 297 pearls,

and many other jewels. They are very grand, and I don't suppose we will ever see the equal again. It takes so much time to tell you all.

### **Monday, 12 p.m.**

It is only now I have been able to complete the note.

We met Dollie and party, and Tom, having secured tickets, we all went to the Hippodrome, returning to the St. Ermin's until 12.30, and then back to the Cecil to sleep. Dollie introduced us to her party friends, including Rev. Dr. Hickey and Father Kennedy, a Paulist Father of New York City. All are looking well.

During our absence R. E. Duff called so we did not see him.

We were up early Sunday, going to the little Corpus Christi Church, opposite the Cecil, so as to get the 10.28 train for Westcliff to visit Mr. and Mrs. Dodd. Arrived about noon, had such a lovely homelike dinner, strolled on the board walk—reminding one of Atlantic City—and returned to the Cecil at 6 p.m. Had supper and drove to the St. Ermin's, and was delightfully surprised to see R. E. D. coming in at 8.30 p.m. He remained with us until after 10, and he came up to-day at 2 p.m. to take us out to Windsor Castle, where we spent a pleasant and interesting time. And in a few words I will try to tell you something of the home of the late Queen Victoria, which contains the history of England for many years back. But it

takes time to investigate the history and beauty of the surroundings thoroughly, and as the interiors are only opened during certain hours daily one has to grasp as much as one can..

The State apartments, which comprise many rooms, are devoted entirely to ceremonial purposes, and are occupied residentially only by Crowned Heads when visiting the Monarch of England. These magnificent suites are gorgeously ornamented, sumptuously furnished, and contain a most valuable collection of paintings and tapestries.

The grand reception room is a gorgeous room, ornamented in the style of the period of Louis XV. The Van Dyck Room, containing pictures done by Van Dyck himself, is used as the drawing room for evening receptions when the Court is at Windsor. The Rubens Room (another artist) is the suite of rooms occupied by State visitors to the castle.

The Albert Memorial Chapel's magnificence is beyond description, and all wealth and talent the late Queen could produce was secured to beautify the memorial to her husband. The monument to the Duke of Clarence, eldest brother of King George, is worthy of attention. Our guide told us he is clothed in his uniform, and at his feet is an angel holding a broken wedding wreath, in allusion to the marriage which was prevented by his death. You can see how very interesting all details are, but time flies so quickly.

Even the magnificent position of Windsor Castle, on the summit of a hill which rises abruptly from the level land of the Thames

Valley, commands considerable attention, and can be seen for some distance. Eton College is also well worth a visit for the sake of seeing the buildings and grounds. It was founded in 1440 by Henry VI and has always been considered a great educational home.

Well, getting a train at 5 p.m., after having afternoon tea, we were back to the Cecil at 6.40 p.m.; dressed hurriedly to have dinner at the Piccadilly Hotel with Mr. Duff, and then to Wyndham's Theatre to see "Diplomacy," and the St. Ermin's until 12, so it is really time I was in bed.

It is 1 a.m., and Tom has been enjoying the Toronto papers received to-day.

We have decided to leave for Scotland on Saturday the 13th, and I presume we will be pretty well on the move all the time until we reach Paris.

Mr. Duff asked us to keep Thursday for him and to be remembered to you both. A. W. H. is at Cheltenham visiting his family and may be in London any day.

You can read this to Maudie. It will acknowledge her letter until I can get time to write. Hope Ollie is feeling quite better.

Remember us kindly to all. Can't write any more; must get into bed. Heaps of love.

### **Wednesday, Sept. 10.**

We are still in London, a few days longer than we intended to be, but as Tom has arranged to join the McGrane party to tour Scot-

land and Ireland, it means we do not leave until the 13th, going first to Edinburgh. I haven't seen the itinerary, but any mail that is on the way we will get all right. Our address in Paris will be the Continental and not Palace d'Orsay. We learn it is much more central and convenient.

It has been very fine all day, although about 2 o'clock it got very cloudy and looked like rain, but that is quite usual here. One can never judge the weather.

Visited the Bank of England, a place of interest, and at noon there are more people pass its corner than anywhere else in the world. We found visitors were not allowed, so got in on the pretence of having a Canadian \$10 gold piece to exchange, but they would not take it. So many places refused it, but Cook's office exchanged it at full value.

When we returned from "Oh I Say" last evening we found Dollie, E. D., Jim, E. McC., Mrs. Shaw, Dr. Buckley and Miss Hurst waiting for us. They had been to see "The Girl on the Film" and liked it very much. We enjoyed the show we saw and are going to see "Step this Way" to-night. We tried to get seats for "Joseph and His Brethren," but could get nothing. This is something new, just opened last Friday, and people sat from early morning in the rain in order to get admission. It seems to be quite the thing to get in the first night. Maxine Elliott is playing. The staging is beautiful, so we are told, and the papers are commenting on it in every issue.

We have partly arranged with Cook's for



our trip on the Continent and are waiting now for an estimate of the itinerary submitted. We hope to receive it to-day so we can have Dr. Buckley's opinion, as he is in a position to give us a good idea as to its fair value. We will spend an hour or so with Dollie at the St. Ermin's after the show.

They were going to visit Windsor Castle to-day and they should enjoy it as it has been fine. Better than yesterday, as they just got started for Hampton Court when it rained very heavily and they got so chilled. However, the hot rum soon chased all dampness and all are feeling real good.

Jack Shaw sailed on the *Coronia* yesterday.

### **Saturday, Sept. 13.**

It seems to me when I am writing I am always in a frightful hurry. We are off to Scotland this a.m. at 10. Our last two days here have been extra busy.

Thursday we spent with seven of the McGrane party, including Bishop Tihen, of Lincoln, Nebraska; E. Deacon; Jim, E. McC., Miss Hurst, and Dollie, in Shakespeare's country, Stratford-upon-Avon.

After riding on train almost two hours (playing 500) we arrived at Coventry, and continued the journey of 30 miles in a motor bus, reaching the Kenilworth Castle, or at least the ruins, where we were allowed 30 minutes before proceeding to Guy Cliffe, four miles distant, a famous old mill of the 16th century, still in

operation. An old man was sitting reciting poetry at the entrance and handed each one who bought postals a small green slip containing his verses.

We were in Warwick at 12.45, had lunch in a quaint little hotel, principally of corn beef and cabbage—a treat to the others, but not to me. At two we were ready again and visited the beautiful castle of the Earl or Countess of Warwick—their home four months of the year. A small fee of 2/ (50c.) was charged for each one, which is eventually given by the Countess in aid of some of her fancies. A small fee is generally demanded for admission to a great many buildings and distributed for charity by order of His Majesty.

Continuing our drive, we came to Stratford-upon-Avon at 4 p.m., the home and birthplace of Shakespeare and his wife, Anne Hathaway. Here you almost feel or breathe antiquity. On all sides are the most ancient and quaint little places.

We first visited Anne Hathaway's cottage in the village of Shottery, a mile beyond Stratford, her parental home, and which remained the property of the Hathaway family until 1838.

Shakespeare's birthplace, in Henley Street, a detached building, is formed of two houses communicating with each other, and one has been converted into a museum and library, in which are exhibited relics, books, manuscripts, etc., while in the other can be seen the kitchen, living room, and the room in which Shakespeare was born in 1564.

Another, known as the new place, was purchased in 1597 by Shakespeare, and it was here he died in 1616, at the age of 52 years. We also visited the old cathedral containing Shakespeare's tomb.

Had dinner on the train and were back in London again about 10 p.m.

Friday morning I spent packing trunks and fixing up with Cook's. Will send you a copy in a day or two.

At 2 p.m. Mr. Duff came for us as arranged, and we went to see Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax works, where I enjoyed so much the wonderful works of modeling in wax. All important personages, events, or even the cruel or awful criminal are to be seen.

Then we went to Brighton Beach, another place similar to Atlantic City, for fish supper in a most luxurious Pullman. Returned to London at 9 and he remained with us till 11 p.m.

It is almost time for me to start, so must be off. It will take half an hour to reach the depot. Received Lizzie's card. Much love.

Caledonian Railway Co.,  
Princess Street Station Hotel,  
Edinburgh.

**Sunday, Sept. 14.**

We arrived here last evening at 6.15, after 8 hours' ride on the train, playing 500 and spending some time at luncheon. Had a small coach for ourselves—11 in all. It commenced raining about 3 or 4, almost at the border line

between England and Scotland, and was teeming when we reached the Caledonian. Fortunately the hotel, which is very nice, is right at the depot, so we had not to go out.

After dinner Tom and I drove to call on Agnes' mother, but Monday being a holiday they had gone to a summer cottage for the week end and to take advantage of the extra day. We met a Mr. Dickson in the next apartment, whose son is living in Toronto. He kindly invited us in and offered the customary whiskey and soda, which we had to decline.

It poured all night and again this morning, and at 11, when going to the Cathedral, it was awful. At noon, however, it cleared, and at 3.15, after waiting so long to get out, three closed carriages came, and we drove to an old castle, the home of the Stuart family, James I of England, birthplace of Mary, Queen of Scots. Had a guide to explain all, but were not allowed to enter. A great many soldiers were stationed there. We finished by driving around the city, seeing it just in a general way. Some parts remind one of Quebec with its height.

It has turned very cool and chilly. Everything is closed, and the Sunday is more sanctified than in Toronto. We are contenting ourselves with a game of cards and are playing in Dollie's room, which is very large.

We leave again in the morning for Glasgow at 9 a.m.—a holiday, and stores will all be closed.

They want me in the game now; must be off.

Central Station Hotel, Glasgow.

**Sept. 16, 12 a.m.**

The weather is very much against us, as it has been raining all morning and the mist is so thick you cannot see any distance. We are only to be here one day, leaving to-night by boat for Belfast.

Our trip through the Trossachs was very fine, and all enjoyed the beautiful scenery and particularly the fine day.

We went by rail from Edinburgh to a place called Collander, a favorite holiday place, where a four-in-hand coach awaited the arrival of the party, and without any delay we were soon on the road leading through the very picturesque country to the Trossachs Hotel, where lunch was served in good style. Continuing the drive we arrived at Loch Katrine about 2.15, where all embarked on the Sir Walter Scott to further and fully enjoy the pleasant scenery, to Stronachlacher. Parting with the steamer, we spent a little time at the Stronachlacher Hotel while coaches were made ready for the extra large party of tourists.

Proceeding, we were soon on the way to Inversmaid, where the scenery changes somewhat to a very lonely and desolate character; but at Inversmaid there is a very pretty silvery waterfall that inspired Wordsworth in his "To a Highland Girl." Once more we made another start, taking the steamer on Loch Lomond, calling at different points with or for picnic parties who were out spending the holi-

day in this pretty country. At last we came to Balloch, from where we took the train to Glasgow, arriving in time for dinner at 8 p.m. It being too late to do any more outing, we played 500 until 12.

We were out this morning for a little while to see some of the stores, but there is practically nothing to compare with one department in Eaton's.

I think we will go out this afternoon, rain or shine, but I can't see the advantage of a drive as one cannot see very far in the mist and there does not seem to be any let up in sight.

I hope you are getting along all right. Have some cards to address, so will write you at another time. Remember us to all and with heaps of love for yourselves.

I will send you a little booklet descriptive of the Trossachs, which you will find very interesting.

Royal Mail Steamer Red Breast.

**Sept. 16, 11 p.m.**

We have just finished playing 500 and feel like getting off to bed. Tom has been in now for over an hour. Our day in Glasgow was very wet, having rained up to 3 p.m.

We started from the hotel about 2.15 in closed carriages and drove first to the oldest cathedral, Presbyterian; the museum, where we spent considerable time seeing the different sights, such as pictures, models of boats, stuffed

birds and animals of all kinds, and other curiosities to be found in such places.

Returned to the hotel at 4 p.m., played 500 until 6.30, when we had dinner in time to start for steamer at 7.45, sailing at 8 p.m. This is comparatively a small liner, carrying 132 passengers. We are in a dense fog and the whistle is very busy blowing a signal. I believe we are to dock at 6 a.m.—an awful hour—and will breakfast at the Grand Hotel. After our game the girls, Jim and I had refreshments of sandwiches, celery, sweet pickles, tomatoes, lettuce and tea. All relished them very much.

Since leaving the Cecil we have been having meals table d'hote and some of the courses are not pleasing to me.

Dr. Buckley is very nice and makes a very agreeable guide or conductor.

Bishop Tihen, who is also traveling with the party, is very nice and plays cards with Dollie all the time; in fact, she is his partner in every game. To-day he very kindly gave each lady a little souvenir book of poems, "The Lady of the Lake," written by Sir Walter Scott in the Trossachs, and it was indeed very acceptable and appropriate after having just passed through the country. He is immensely big, wears the Prince Albert, and looks so nice.

Well, it is late, and the others are still playing, but I am sleepy, and while it is calm I will drop into Slumberland.

Hoping I may hear from you any day now.

Royal Mail Steamer Red Breast.

**Sept. 17, 8.20 a.m.**

We are ready to land in Ireland, having had a good passage across the Irish Sea, but on account of fog we are two hours late. Large ship-building docks are to be seen now, and we are told they are larger than those on the Clyde, but it was so dark last night we couldn't see. The White Star have a liner in construction and it certainly looks very huge.

The bus which was to have met us is not at the dock, so we are going farther and will sail for another half hour. The sun is shining so nicely we ought to have a real pleasant day in Belfast.

We found Edinburgh much nicer than Glasgow, although the latter is better commercially. The poverty we have already seen is terrible, nothing in Canada to equal it, and the people are so dirty. Of course, if you pass any remark about it, you invariably get the answer that it is the Irish element settled there. Toronto would not tolerate the awful unsanitary looking places. Give me the modern and up-to-date rather than the antique.

Grand Central Hotel, Belfast.

**Sept. 17, 10 p.m.**

We have had a little walk after dinner and are ready for bed, feeling tired, so this will be very short.

After breakfast at 9 a.m. we hurried to get



the train at 9.45, riding two hours, playing 500, to Coleraine, where we changed trains to Portrush, and then the trolley to Giant's Causeway. Had lunch at 1.30 and had a good walk down the cliff to a large rowboat. All got in, and two distinctly Irishmen rowed us to Portcoon Cave, and when in quite a distance a man, who makes his living by collecting pennies from the tourists, fired off a gun so we could hear the echo. I can't really describe it properly to you; the charm and beauty of all we have seen is the fact of being right on the spot.

We then went to another cave 600 feet long and 90 ft. high—imagine the size and the ruggedness of the Irish coast. The Amphitheatre, a mile distant, was the next attraction, but when passing the Giant's Causeway proper Tom and I got out of the boat. I couldn't stand the motion any longer and Tom was so frightened while in the cave he became real pale.

I think some of the others were sorry they didn't get out, too, as they felt rather uncomfortable for a while. In fact, I think one or two had to sacrifice their lunch. It looked perfectly calm, but there was enough swell to make it very rocky. However, while the others were away Tom and I visited the little curio or souvenir shops and then got a jaunting car and drove to the hotel to await their return.

Leaving again at 4.30 p.m., we boarded a train at 6 p.m. and were at the hotel in time to have dinner at 8.45, so you see we had a very busy day. It was intended that we should leave in the morning for Dublin, but there is a

big strike on—one man killed to-day—and I don't know now what the arrangements will be. Anyone who compared Belfast with Toronto made an awful mistake. There is simply no comparison. The streets are paved with stone, and there are very few illuminations on the street; in fact, it was so dark I didn't care to go out.

I am enclosing some cards which will show you the Giant's Causeway. One shows the Wishing Chair, and any wish asked in this is surely granted. One boatman said when he was 17 he wished for the girl he loved best, and in 12 months he got her and now he has 7 sons and each one has a sister. How many?

Gresham Hotel, Dublin.

### **September 18.**

I am just waiting to hear what the programme is for to-night. Some have not finished dinner yet. I was up early this morning arranging trunks, as we have decided to leave one in care of Cook's in Paris, as we do not need too many changes when on the Continent, and baggage is very expensive, to say nothing of the trouble. Had breakfast at 9, went into some of the stores till 10 a.m., when we got into jaunting cars and drove around the city.

I sent Mrs. Keane a card, telling her she did the right thing when she left Ireland.

The country itself is very pretty, but the poverty and dirt in some quarters is the limit; children and even adults pleading for pennies

everywhere. There is a little girl not much bigger than Margaret at the hotel door in bare feet reciting pieces for coppers. Tom has given her quite a supply.

Sorry to hear of Uncle Pat's illness. Had a letter from Emily and Mrs. Martin. Will write them later. No more just now.

Great Southern Hotel, Killarney.

### **September 20.**

On arriving here I found four letters of the 2nd, 5th, 6th and 8th waiting for me, and, needless to say, I was so glad to have them and to know you are well and hope you will continue so.

Our day and a half in Dublin was very wet, and we were obliged to drive in closed carriages, which is very unfortunate when touring or sightseeing. However, we first visited a very old and fine cemetery, that is, in the way of tombs and monuments, but as it was pouring I didn't get out of the carriage; then to Christ Church Cathedral, the diocesan cathedral of the Sees of Dublin, one time Catholic, but now Anglican, and is viewed very interestingly from a historical or architectural point. It has suffered destruction a great many times and has been restored to its original model of the 13th century. Many bishops and noted people are buried there.

The Royal Castle and Trinity College were next, and our afternoon of sightseeing was completed.

Played 500 until dinner and after until 12 p.m. It is the only game we attempt.

We went to the Abbey Theatre and laughed so much at the Irish play that we were glad to return to the hotel. Tom wouldn't go. He would rather watch the traffic. It has become quite a joke now and he is titled the information and traffic manager.

It was raining again this morning and poured for some distance before reaching Killarney, and about noon we were glad to see the sky clearing and sun coming out.

On our arrival at 3 p.m., it was quite nice, but at 7 p.m. it was pouring. Doesn't it seem hard luck? We are hoping to be favored with a nice day to-morrow on the Killarney Lakes.

There is practically nothing to be seen in this town excepting the poverty. Every woman, girl and child wears a shawl, which is thrown around them and over the head. This was market day and the little two-wheeled carts, drawn by donkeys, were empty and ready to return home.

We are now waiting dinner. It is 7 p.m., and after a basket lunch on the train I am hungry and ready for a good meal.

The McGrane Co. had a coach reserved for the party and each one was given a lunch basket, containing knife, fork, salt, pepper, mustard, butter, cheese, lettuce, chicken, and a large roll, with ginger ale to drink.

This is a very pretty hotel and I am enclosing cards giving different views. We were so sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Shaw's brother.

I received all your letters. Those addressed to the St. Ermin's were forwarded to me. I have already sent you an itinerary of our trip.

Had a nice letter from Carrie to-day. Hope Ollie is feeling better and he will soon be all right. You might read my letters to him as I haven't the time to write all; even cards take time.

Tom and I find Dr. Buckley very nice, and when the Bishop is in his room I play cards with Dollie. Mrs. Shaw and Dr. Buckley play partners.

### **September 21.**

We were very much favored with a beautiful day for our trip through the Lakes of Killarney. Started at 10.15—after going to Church of the Franciscan Priests—for Kate Karney's Cottage. We drove in a large coach for 10 miles, where Bishop Tihen treated the party to anything they liked, that is, grape wine, milk, etc. Then we mounted the ponies. I straddled, the other ladies going sidesaddle, but after we went a short distance Dollie had her saddle changed and she was made more comfortable, too. Photographers were ready to take pictures, and then we started on the 6 miles through the Gap of Dunloe, where, at different places through the lonely gap, are cripples begging, and others playing some instrument, firing off powder so we could hear the echo, and farther on a woman with a bottle of milk ready to give a drink with a wee drop

of the "good stuff." I took my milk clear—another 1/ (25 cents). Words cannot tell you of the grandeur and wonderful natural beauty of the scenery, but when you look at the little thatched-roofed cottages in the awful loneliness it seems terrible to me. At St. Patrick's Cottage, another little refreshment place, all had a drink, and it was 2.30 p.m. before we reached the lakes, after ascending and descending some 3,000 feet. Two boats and lunches for each one were waiting for us, ten getting in one while Tom and I were in the other. All enjoyed the lunch of sandwiches, fruit cake, two varieties of biscuits, orange, apple, and ginger ale, and particularly the 14 miles of water ride, arriving at Ross Castle—the last Irish castle surrendered to Oliver Cromwell—at 4.45, and then returned to the hotel by tally-ho coach at 5.

Have just had dinner and I am feeling fine, not a bit sore or tired—but some have a sore spot.

We motor from here to-morrow to Cork, through Glengarry, starting about 9 a.m. and arriving at 6 p.m. It is a beautiful country and we are hoping for a fair day. We have usually had good days when we really needed them.

In the fields everywhere is to be seen the peat they burn. It has an awful odor and clothes smell so strongly of it. The little lace homes are located in what we would call an alley, but contain some very handsome work. The ladies of the party have made many purchases.

We have a very nice room—two beds, fire-

place, couch, writing table, three wash basins—  
no running water in any of the hotels.

Hotel Imperial, Cork.

**September 23.**

The party are all off to Blarney Castle but Dollie and I. It is a beautiful day, very sunshiny and clear. Dollie has stiffened up very much since Sunday. Riding the ponies made us very warm, and then when we got in the boat it was quite cool and a very heavy mist overtook us when half-way across and I think all chilled too quickly. I was very stiff last night and as I have a little cold thought a day in would do me more good, and I decided to remain with Dollie so E. D. could go with the party.

So far we have not seen any poor people begging in Cork. Since leaving Dublin there has been a riot in the labor strike and some people killed. We escaped it nicely.

We will go to Queentown in the morning and leave at 7.45 a.m. for our trip east, to reach London about 9 p.m. It will be a whole day's traveling.

Rosslare, Ireland,  
Steamer St. David.

**Sept. 24, 1.20 p.m.**

I sent you a card from Queenstown just as the party was leaving on the tender for the Carmania, and conditions were very unfavorable

at the time, rough sea and high wind. We started on our train ride at 7.45 a.m. Being up at 4 a.m. made a very long morning, and I have already had two lunches since breakfast.

We arrived at Rosslare at 12.55, when we boarded this ship. We are just waiting to load the baggage, etc., and prospects look very good for fair sailing; in fact, I can't see anything at present to anticipate any seasickness. It will be quite late when we arrive in London and I am sure we will be ready for bed. This, no doubt, will be the longest day's travel we will have. Dollie was wishing we were returning with her; in fact she was quite lonesome over the fact of our traveling alone.

The bells are ringing and whistles blowing the signal to be off, so I must get on deck to prop myself for the sail. Will write from London. Hope to get some mail. Didn't receive any in Cork.

Hotel Cecil, Strand, London

**September 25.**

We are back again in London, and it seemed good, on arriving at 11.15 p.m., to see the immense crowds of well dressed people, the number of taxis returning from the theatres on the beautifully illuminated streets. Such a change after the past few days in Ireland, for while the country is beautiful I can't say I would like to remain very long.

I really can't help thinking of the rough passage the McGrane party had to start with,



for after we left Rosslare and out a half-hour in the Irish Sea, I never saw such rough weather. The boat just pitched every way. But it didn't affect Tom at all. I had to give up my lunch, which only meant a matter of three minutes, otherwise I was fine too. We remained on the top deck in midship and were the only two who did, and the steward informed us we were better off than a great many.

We were very late getting away from Fishguard, making it two hours late in arriving in London, but we certainly traveled in some express, as she had the speed.

I did not get any mail. Tom is waiting for me. We are going to breakfast.

3 Rue de Castiglione  
Hotel Continental.

**Paris, Sept. 26.**

I am almost too tired to write. Have been up since 7.30 a.m., finished packing, had breakfast, and completed arrangements with Cook's before starting from London at 11 a.m. Had a compartment reserved for us, London to Dover, at 12.55; took Engadine to cross the English Channel, which was—and I was very glad—very calm; had lunch and arrived at Calais at 2.15, where all hand baggage had to be examined. Ours was marked without any trouble. When we located our reservations we were comfortably fixed up until we reached Paris at 6.30 p.m. Cook's man met us, and then a search

for our trunks had to be made. But we had only to open one trunk, while in all other cases there were two men pulling through the things.

A carriage was waiting for us and took us to the Continental. We had dinner at 8 p.m. and then drove to the Palace d'Orsay, where I got your large envelope of the 12th, one from Maudie, K. O'Neil, and Aunt Ellen; also a card from Maudie.

We are going sightseeing to-morrow morning at 9 a.m. We will have a private guide for four days, that is, a carriage and a guide for four full days.

You no doubt have received a copy of our revised itinerary, also the photograph from Killarney. I am enclosing list of hotels on the return trip from Naples to London. Tom paid to Cook's £139 each, which covers all railway expenses, hotels, carriages, guides, tips to guides and fees to buildings, etc; in fact, it covers all. We have all the information in detail, and I feel quite sure we will have no trouble at all. Our names are forwarded and reservations made in the hotels, trains, etc., this being done on the two trains to-day. A label was pasted on the window with McCarron marked very plainly, so there can be no mistakes. When the attendants cannot speak our language it is rather awkward. For instance, to-night when we went to the Palace d'Orsay Tom told the taxi driver to "take us back to the hotel," and while I insisted that he was taking us a block or two out of the way he made a joke of it and thought I was getting too smart.

However, I was quite correct, and after reading the mail we found ourselves in the Grand instead of the Continental. We walked the few blocks to the hotel, and, really, I am too tired to write any more. Tom has just come upstairs, and he has been admiring the ladies' finery and diamonds instead of the traffic to-night.

We have a very beautiful room, done up in gold-colored silk draperies, bathroom attached. Very fine.

### **Paris, Sept. 27.**

I am taking a little rest until the guide comes at 2 p.m. He was with us from 10 to 12.30, driving in a very swell landau, two beautiful horses and driver in livery. It is impossible for one to describe at any length the grandeur of one's first visit to Paris or to attempt any more than an outline of our doings.

Our first stopping place was the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the finest specimen of Gothic art in Paris, and the architecture and work of which is wonderful. I really don't believe the workmen could do it now; anyway the expenditure of money is not given to the House of Worship in these days. The front is ornamented with statues of the Kings of France, and in the centre is a large rose window 36 feet high. There are two square towers and the one on the right contains the largest bell of France. The interior is very beautiful and the wood carving adorning the choir represents subjects of

the New Testament. A large part of the True Cross and one of the original nails are kept in the treasury in the sacristy.

The Palace of Justice, which stands on the spot formerly occupied by the Roman Empire, was at one time the residence of some of the French Kings, but only part of the chapel and gallery are the remnants of the old palace. The Supreme Court, with its \$70,000 worth of gold decorations, is to be very much admired.

What remained of the morning we spent in the Louvre Museum, where we saw marvelous and numerous works of the great artists.

Paris is a much cleaner city than London, and Tom would be quite contented to remain here until December. It is beautiful—real summer weather.

I was glad to know you were going to the races. You might remember us to the Sander-son family. I sent them cards.

Must be off; they are waiting for me. Have had a little sleep and feel like making a new start.

Hotel Suisse.

**Sunday, Sept. 28.**

Had lunch here on our way to Versailles. Went to an early mass and were ready to leave Paris at 10 o'clock. So far it has been a beautiful drive, passing through the Bois de Boulogne, Longchamps race course, and many pretty little suburban towns.

## September 28.

We found the drive, 11 miles, to and from Versailles full of interest and two days could easily be devoted to just seeing the many lovely things, the chief of which are the Grand and Petit Trianons, the popular home of Marie Antoinette, the elegance of which, we have been told, practically ruined the French nation and helped, with many other affairs, to bring about the Revolution. They are perfectly wonderful, and it is beyond me to even express the magnificence of the gardens. The celebrated fountains which play from 4.30 to 5.30 on the first or fourth Sunday of each month during the summer did not play to-day, and, needless to say, we were disappointed.

Savoy Hotel Restaurant,  
Fontainebleau.

## September 29.

Before leaving Paris at 8.45 a.m. for Fontainebleau I received your two letters and one each from Maudie and Emily. You evidently omitted the clippings re the Gaynor family. I sincerely hope no trouble has come to them. I have already sent cards to all, including Mrs. Mahoney and the girls. I have been writing so many I forget sometimes to whom I have directed them, as Tom often comes along just as I have started, to have some addressed for him, which really means a break in mine; consequently some are overlooked unintentionally. Even now I forget whether I have acknowl-

edged the two letters received on Friday, although I think I have. Had a letter from Mrs. Martin on Saturday.

We like Fontainebleau, a town of 14,200 inhabitants, about 37 miles from Paris, and its celebrated palace was for many years a Royal and Imperial residence, and appears to have been first mentioned by historians as far back as the XII century. The grand library, which contains 35,000 volumes, and used by the people of Fontainebleau, owes its existence to King Charles V, 1364, and it was not until the reign of Francis I (1515-47) that Fontainebleau became celebrated and acquired a definite place in the history of France. A great deal of credit is due this king, and the work of building it extended over a period of years.

Our time was really too short to grasp everything that was to be seen. The palace itself covers an area of 15 acres and is one of the most historical in the world and surpasses all in grandeur and extravagance, and to the student of French history Fontainebleau must tower above all in fascination. In 1804, at the time of Napoleon's coronation, the palace was completely restored and much new furniture placed in it in honor of Pope Pius VII, who came to France to crown him. Sentence of divorce was also pronounced in the palace against Empress Josephine.

We had lunch here and it is a perfectly lovely hotel, and the menu consisted of heaps of good things to satisfy our hungry appetites. Our places were reserved, also the carriage at our arrival at the depot, and paid

for, so that we had no bother at all. It is really beyond me to try to explain what we have seen, but I will try and outline our doings so as to keep you posted. The clocks noticeable in all the apartments of the Chateau Fontainebleau, in fact, draperies, furnishings and paintings were superb, and one I noticed particularly was a model in gold of one of the fountains seen at Versailles. The candelabras were of rock crystal, the grandest imaginable. The throne room was draped in red and gold, with a large bee embroidered in gold on all the draperies overhanging the throne, and on the table-cover, too, was embroidered the eagle—Napoleon's emblem, "work and victory."

Tom is here with the guide, so I can't write any more.

Hotel Continental.

### **Paris, Sept. 30.**

After having lunch we started at 2 p.m. for a drive through the famous forest of Fontainebleau, covering some 14,600 acres, and is said to be the most beautiful of all the French forests. Some of the oak trees measure  $26\frac{1}{4}$  feet in circumference. Much time has been spent in providing signs of direction and to point out the parts of interest to the tourist.

It is a beautiful drive through the shaded arch of trees and was quite enjoyable, as we were fortunate enough to have a bright sunshiny day; in fact, it is pleasant summer weather we have been having since coming to Paris.

At the palace we saw the room in which His Holiness Pope Pius VII was made prisoner for some time because he refused Napoleon the divorce of Josephine, and in another interesting room were seen the 128 plates used at the marriage feast of the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of King Louis Philippe, to Princess Helen, each costing \$60 apiece. Everything is arranged so attractively and one could spend weeks admiring all.

We finished the afternoon on our return to Paris about 5 or 5.30 with a drive on the Boulevard or Rotten Row, and the number of carriages, motors, taxis, etc., going in all directions, is wonderful. It is quite a sight and Tom is still more interested in the traffic.

Did I tell you we visited the Gobelin carpet factory, the largest tapestry manufactory in France, and where all the fine tapestry is made for the Government, but not for sale. In the time of Louis XIV it was made a Government institution, having been bought from a small dyeing establishment, founded many years before. It has developed largely and produces the finest in the world. We saw the men working on some pieces, and only  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches can be accomplished in a day, so you can imagine how fine the work is. Some pieces are now two years in operation. The coloring scheme is the secret of one family, and not even the president or managers are allowed in the dyeing rooms, so we were told.

After dinner and a little walk we retired early, as we were both tired with the day's outing.



**October 1, 2.30 p.m.**

We were just ready to go out, but have been prevented by heavy rain. It had been threatening for an hour or more.

However, we strolled out about 10 a.m. to see some of the pet shops along with other things, and the diamonds, I said to Tom, gave me a headache; you see such quantities of them in all the jewelry shop windows.

When nearing the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, which faces one of the principal boulevards, we noticed the entrance all draped in black and white, and on entering we found the immense church crowded to the door, and the respect and mourning shown to the deceased was wonderful. The alcove at the back of the altar (I think that is what it is called) and down the sides in front of the large supporting pillars, were draped in heavy black draperies and silver trimming, made purposely for these places. The chairs were also draped, as well as the railing down the side of the pews to prevent the people from stepping into the aisle. At the sanctuary railing was a large affair, 8 ft. x 6 ft. and 7 ft. high of black or ebony color, on which rested the casket, surrounded by large silver candelabras, one at each corner, with candles of various sizes. Huge bunches of red and white roses had also been placed in position.

On our arrival mass was over and the mourners, the widow and daughters, veiled in the heaviest of crepe veils and large capes, with, the other relatives, were standing about

half-way down the aisles, and the great throng of sympathizers walked slowly up the side to the solemn music of the organ to the casket and passed down the centre to pay their sympathy to the sorrowing family. At the entrance were two large heavily draped tables, one on each side, with large sheets of paper with deep mourning bands or edges for the registration of names. Tom put down his name and address in full. He is not going to miss much. By asking questions he found out he was a big saloon-keeper, immensely rich, and the president of some very strong society. If he had been the King of the Empire I don't think he could have had any more respect shown him, and, judging from the tears and sorrow of the men, they lost a very dear companion. The oak casket was veiled in black, and a guard, followed by two others, led the six men in uniform who carried the casket.

On Sunday we saw another funeral, of a grandmother, and the six men carried the casket on their shoulders, and they wore shiny topped hats—not silk.

There is a very heavy thunderstorm passing over, and I was just reading that on Monday fourteen people were killed from one on the southern coast and over the Mediterranean.

We were expecting to meet R. E. D. here, but up to the present have not had any word from him.

**Oct. 1, 8.45 p.m.**

On going upstairs after dinner I found your letter of the 20th and paper containing clippings, and needless to say enjoyed all. They are very attentive here, as the mail is delivered to the room as soon as it arrives.

I am real sorry to know Jennie cannot arrange to come, and I think Dollie will be disappointed too. However, get Mrs. Lucas to arrange things properly. Hang the drapes, etc., as I am particularly anxious that everything should be right.

It cleared up nicely about 3 p.m. and we were able to get out. Of course, there is plenty to be seen in the hotel to amuse one for some time. We went up as far as 74 Rue Bonaparte, a religious house, Biars, Frere & Cie., opposite St. Sulpice Church, for a gold pyx case for Mrs. Oliver for a present on Michael's ordination. We will have it blessed by the Pope at our audience. Dollie got a very handsome and more expensive one for Rev. M. Whalen, and Bishop Tihen received one from Dollie and Mrs. Shaw.

I really have nothing more to write about to-night. Am delighted to know father and Puppins are such good pals. I am afraid he won't want to give him up, and you will both know what an attentive little fellow he is.

**October 4.**

Yesterday we finished with the guide and have been out all morning on our own guidance.

We visited the market, a wonderful place, covering a great many acres; quite a sight to see so many women working at the different varieties of fish, vegetables, fruit, etc., making them ready for sale. One specially interesting is the horse and dog market.

From what we can see the women are very much needed in Paris, or their services are much in demand, as they are employed in all kinds of labor, even cleaning the streets, driving taxis and carriages for hire.

And speaking of the means of transit, in Paris, practically all the cabs, motors, and other vehicles have a taximeter. The first 1,300 yards costs 75 centimes (15 cents). When a machine is kept waiting outside a shop or house, etc., the taximeter registers 10 centimes (2 cents) for every three minutes. Between midnight and 6 a.m. there is a supplementary charge.

We also visited Chapelle of the Invalides, a monument built during the reign of Louis XIV as an asylum for old soldiers wounded and disabled in war, and contains the Church of St. Louis—"Napoleon's tomb."

There were at the time of the Revolution some 2,500 or more wounded and crippled soldiers in the home, and now there are only 18 veterans living, and when speaking to one of the guides at the tomb we learned that he was 82 years. Part of the building is now used as a

museum for old curiosities, regimental outfits, etc.

It is marvelous the respect shown to his memory by the French people. It was his last desire to be brought from St. Helena, where he died in exile, to be buried in France with the people he loved, they decided on the Church of St. Louis, a grand and magnificent structure, had it excavated in a large circular hole, lined with marble, and the floor of Roman mosaic, showing the names of the victories of Napoleon, and on pedestals between statues of guardian angels 60 banners or pennants are shown, and upon two immense pieces of green marble or granite rest his remains, laid in a lead casket, inside of an oak, and then ebony. I thought General Grant's tomb in New York very beautiful, but it is not to be compared with this. A large altar remains as it was in years gone by, but no services are held now, but just a place for all visitors to the tomb of Napoleon.

We have seen now practically all the places of interest, and with its numerous attractions it would take years to fully appreciate all. The Louvre is really very wonderful and important and contains the masterpieces of the Italian art by Raphael, Giotto, and Murillo's famous "Immaculate Conception." The collection of ancient sculptures is also very wonderful.

Museum de Cluny, a Roman palace, built in the first years of the 4th century, contains a valuable collection of relics of the Middle Ages.

The Pantheon is a beautiful edifice built in the form of a Greek cross, and over the tomb of

St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. The interior is decorated with frescoes—"The Childhood of St. Genevieve." The promenades, Metropolitan Opera House, Eiffel Tower, Chamber of Deputies, Triumphal Arch, Cemeteries, Palace and Garden of Luxembourg, and many others have been seen, and now we are doing a little sightseeing in the stores.

We are still favored with beautiful weather, but I notice that the Olympic has had a rough passage, so would judge Dollie and party experienced rough weather on the Carmania.

Had a card from Ella Mahoney to-day.

We may go to Lourdes, but I am not just sure about it. Tom wants to see some of the races. I hope you are keeping well, as we are both fine.

#### October 4.

While writing a few notes to my diary your letter and one from J. Oliver came to the room, and I had just been counting up, thinking it was near time one should be due. Real glad to know you are both so well and enjoying yourselves.

Jack said, "Frank Foy is dead." Does he mean Fred? If so, whatever happened? I knew he had not been very well for a while.

We went to see the "Quaker Girl" at the Olympia last evening, but being all in French it was not very interesting to Tom, although I remembered it quite well from seeing it in Chicago in June, 1912. Between the acts

it was quite a sight to see the ladies in evening dress standing or promenading just for the attraction of the men. I am quite sure if I did not have a strong hold on Tom they would have him away. On entering the theatre Tom presented the interpreter in livery the slip he had received at the hotel for the tickets, and when passing through, because Tom did not tip him, he said very loudly and plainly: "Thank you, sir." And then when we were seated, the female usher muttered something in French, and then another wrote on paper: "A tip, please." Everyone wants something. Even the programmes have to be paid for. And when Tom went to the rest room, a woman at the door said "tip, please," before he could get out. -

We have been getting the New York Paris Herald every day and find it very interesting, and it even gave us the news of Mr. O'Keefe's death, and if you will notice we have not been overlooked in the list of Canadians in Paris at the Continental. I presume Dollie and Martin would be home in time for the funeral.

This is a much nicer hotel than the Palace d'Orsay and more central, and it was on the recommendation of Rev. Father Kennedy, a Paulist Father, of New York, whom we met in London, that we came here.

## October 6.

Had a nice letter from Em this a.m. and one from Lizzie to-night.

Well, we went to the races yesterday at Longchamps, one of the Sunday favorite pleasures, and again to-day at St. Cloud, a short distance out on the train, and I was fairly stunned with the style at Longchamps, and, needless to say, we were lucky enough to win our expenses. I picked winners for Tom, and even the winner of the Grand Prix, which was run to-day.

I wrote Emily, Mrs. Oliver and Nick, and as you will probably see them, it will save me doing any more to-night, as I am a little tired, and I want to get the trunks ready for to-morrow.

Received the papers just now. Thanks so much, as Tom appreciates them.

## October 7.

This is our last day in Paris until December, when we stop over for a day or two on our return. We are leaving in the morning for Brussels, Belgium.

Our day at Longchamps was very enjoyable and the drive from the hotel through the park was very pleasant and the crowds of people everywhere remarkable. It cost 6 francs for taxi, almost equal to \$1.25, and 20 francs and 10 francs admission. But there is no distinction in the enclosure or lawn if you have the price. A very good way. So far we have experienced



no difficulty with the French money; in fact, it is much simpler than the English currency, with their blooming shillings and pence. The big event was run off on Sunday and won by "Nimbus," a great surprise to many, as the favorite was only "an also ran," and had defeated the other horses on three occasions. Strange to say, I picked three winners, and we won on one 10—1. Tom met Jockey McIntyre, who rode for Seagram, the Canadian horseman, and he pointed out a great many of the leading turf men, including Mr. Blanc, who paid \$150,000 last year for Silver Fox—some price.

In the shop adjoining the hotel they get very high prices for the dogs. There is a little boy here from Brazil stopping in the hotel who has a brown Pomeranian, called Dollie, for which his father paid \$60. Tom's roughness to Puppies is only put on, as he has all the toy dog shops picked out and he seems very much interested in them.

I am going to lunch now, so if it clears enough to go to the St. Cloud race track I will be ready in time for Tom. It is now 12.30 noon.

We met Mr. Thompson, of Toronto, and spent an evening with him, and he is to call the house number.

Grand Hotel, Brussels.

**October 9.**

We arrived here last evening at 5 p.m. and found a carriage waiting at the depot for us; also our accommodation and places in the dining room on reservation.

We left Paris at 12.35 on a very nice but fast train, only making one stop, and that was at the border line between France and Belgium, where all baggage had to be ransacked, but with us we did not have to bother, so evidently we are not suspected as crooks; anyway our word passed as good.

A gentleman we met at the Continental, a big hotelkeeper from California, who was making a tour of the world with his wife, on being asked, said "No, he had nothing dutiable," and they immediately made a search and all his cigars were confiscated. Another man, who was taking a little dog across from Paris into England, valued at £100, stumbled in some way at the border and the little dog fell out of the hiding place in his coat, and the man was at once taken by the police and sent for trial. So you see one must be careful in some things.

All along the way we noticed how very different the farming country is from England and Ireland. They have not the pretty hedges dividing the farms; in fact, they have no fences.

A letter from Mrs. Martin, mailed from Atlantic City, was waiting for us, and on waking this morning there were four letters and a card at the door, mailed from the steamer Carmania, written by Dollie, E. D., Mrs. Shaw, E. McC. and Dr. Buckley. We were real glad to have them and to hear of their safe trip over.

We are quite comfortably fixed up here, a large room on second floor, convenient to lift, twin brass beds, writing table, fireplace, wardrobe, immense bath and all conveniences, and

two very large windows giving plenty of daylight and air.

Our first day with the guide was very much enjoyed, and we both like Mr. McLellan a great deal better than the Parisian. He is naturally a Scotchman and, of course, speaks the English language with a nice accent. In Paris the guide could not, as a rule, pronounce the "th," which made it rather awkward to grasp the foreign words at once.

As usual, the carriage and he were on hand to make an early start, and we commenced with the Town Hall, the law courts, the largest of the kind in the world, an immense place, and beautifully laid out with good dimensions, splendid staircase. The architect who planned the work went mad with the heavy strain, and he died before it was completed. It took 17 years and cost \$12,000,000. It is really the only and finest building erected since the Belgians gained their independence, in 1830, and so much time and money has been spent on it. It covers ground measuring, I think it is, 615 x 635 feet, and 297 feet high.

All kinds of justice is handed out here, and even the death sentence. No prisoner is hanged, but placed in solitary confinement with no chance of reprieve. His name is actually struck off the civilization list and considered dead. He is allowed one hour's exercise a day, but no reading matter. Next we drove to the Park of Bois de la Cambre, around which are 32 statues representing the different trades of industry. Then to the Pillar of Congress, a visible symbol of Belgium's independence; Par-

liament Buildings, Hospital of St. Jean, the front of which is covered with marble slabs with the name in gold of the donators who contributed generously to its maintenance. Each one can be read quite distinctly from the street. To the Botanical Gardens and St. Gudule's, the oldest church in Brussels, which dates back to the 12th century. It has many richly painted windows, and the pulpit, a most wonderful piece of carving, is considered the masterpiece of Verbruggeni. St. Michael is shown a great deal in the buildings with the dragon, and at the foot of the grand staircase in the Town Hall there is a fountain decorated with a statue of the Saint. And the candelabra in the Marriage Hall represents the archangel, the protector of the city.

Had lunch at 1 p.m. Resumed our drive at 2.15, and commenced with viewing the art galleries, which, of course, do not compare with the French or even English in my humble opinion, at least, there is not the selection or quantity, but the sculpture, if I am any judge, seemed equally as good, if not better. One artist (Whertz), who loved and just painted for the love of the art, and who was never known to sell a picture, has left to his memory one of the finest collections in Brussels, and as he was overburdened with poverty the city gave him a permanent home and studio, with the understanding that at his death his work should be the property of the city of Brussels.

We finished by driving through the streets of the nobility, and then to the homes of the newly-rich business men, who have made their

money and are now spending it in the erection of up-to-date homes. There is one we went particularly to see, and it is one of the attractions of the locality. It is built of slabs of white marble, with Egyptian figures arranged at various distances at the top. It is the oddest thing you would ever see, and I don't suppose there is another such home in the world. But with all the greenery and boxwood plants it is very effective.

After dinner we took a little stroll. Of course, Tom interviewed some English-speaking people and saw that the traffic was all right before coming upstairs.

We are to be up early to start for Waterloo to-morrow at 9 a.m. I am enclosing a card for Margaret. You might read this to Ollie and Lizzie.

## **October 10.**

Have a few minutes before the guide comes. We are having a beautiful day to begin with and should enjoy the drive.

The market is right near the hotel on the next street, and the women have been busy picking and arranging the fowl. Everything looks so nice, white paper having been put on the counters where the goods are for sale.

The Belgian people are very progressive in the way of starting business early. One big store on the main street, opposite the hotel, the Grand Bazaar, closes from 12 to 2 to allow

salespeople and other assistants to have lunch and fresh air, and they do business from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Speaking of the city, we find it very clean, and just where the hotel stands the river has been tunneled over. In years past an epidemic of fever broke out, and all buildings, including dwellings, were pulled down on account of unsanitary conditions and modern six-storey up-to-date buildings take their place.

Brussels is really built on a marsh, the houses extending up the bank as the city grew, and now, when driving around, would remind you of a switchback. Great honor is usually given to the architect, and when any good work has been done a bust or piece of sculpture is placed to his memory. And the Burgomaster—the mayor—holds his position for life, and receives \$8,000 a year for his professional services, as they consider it such.

Women and dogs are also very necessary. They are seen doing the work of the farm, garden, selling papers, flowers, etc., and they are the busiest people around the market. Large dogs of a Collie breed are hitched to a two-wheeled cart and draw heavy loads to market. In some cases there are three, and a fourth for relief. A piece of carpet is also laid under them.

Only a few carpets which pass under this name are made here, but its lace is particularly famous.

**October 10.**

On coming from dinner, your note with clippings was handed to us. Sorry you had a headache. Hope you are all right again. Tom does not feel any too well, consequently we are in our room this evening. He put away his usual good lunch and dinner, and is able to smoke his pipe, so I have little fear of anything very serious being the trouble.

Well, we had one grand day for our trip or drive to Waterloo, through a beautiful forest or park, 16 miles, and with the tint of autumn on the trees it was very fine, with just enough freshness in the air to make it invigorating.

Our first stop was at the half-way house for refreshments. Then at 11 a.m. a visit to the house in which the Duke of Wellington slept the night before and the night of the battle. His bed still remains, also the chair and the table on which he wrote his despatches of victory; as well as a great collection of other personal military accoutrement. In the church are tablets of marble erected to the memory of the different regiments and generals.

At 12 noon we were at Hougoumont, the place of the first attack, and where still remain the old farmhouse, the gate, part of a chapel, and the old brick wall, all of which show many bullet holes. Many of the trees, rotten or decayed with age, have hundreds of shots buried in them.

In each place we registered our names in the visitors' book.

When in the sacred orchard, made so by the

10,000 soldiers buried there in the trenches, a farm man came up behind and offered me a bouquet of pansies, and not knowing he was there he gave me quite a fright. Tom and Mr. McClelland thought it a big joke. Even the old well, which was used as a burying place for many, is in good preservation, and has a railing around it for protection. Some old man, very true and staunch to the army he loved, who died some few years ago, wished to be buried in this orchard, and he has the distinction of a little grey stone.

Our next move was to lunch, and at 2 p.m. we ascended 226 steps to the mound or pyramid erected in memory of the battle, and was principally done by the women, who carried the dirt in baskets on their shoulders. There is a huge brick shaft in the centre 150 feet high, and at the top is a stone base with an immense lion with his paw on the globe. Our guide then gave us an excellent description of the movements of the regiments and the generals, and, in fact, he had the whole story on his finger tips from A to Z. He really takes a particular pride in Waterloo, being here when only a small boy, and having come with an old soldier, who always celebrated the anniversary—the 18th of June—at the battlefield.

It was really a grand sight to even view the surrounding country, and as it was so clear we could see quite distinctly the tower of the law courts in Brussels.

On our descending we went into Panorama, which gave us the battle on canvas, and it, too, was very fine, excepting that it depicts very



impressively the horrors of war. Even on the ground in front of the canvas were horses, bodies of men (figures, of course) showing pools of blood, helmets, rifles or guns lying around; in fact, anything you might see on a battlefield. It was quite a contrast to hear and see the victory of the British after having heard so much of Napoleon, and the honor and reverence given him by the French.

So you can see we have had both an interesting and exciting day. Just as we were ready to start we had a rear-end bunt from a street-car, and then there was a funny squabble between the motorman and the carriage driver in the Flemish language. No damage was done to us.

All along in the country women are seen doing all kinds of work. In one place we saw two women and one man pulling something that to me looked like a plough. They drive with one rein; carry the water in two pails, one on each end of a bar across the shoulders. I really don't see how they could get along without them and the dogs that assist a great deal.

Tom is now sound asleep and it is only 9 p.m., but I have told you all, so will retire. We will have another early start in the morning, going to Ostend on the 9.15 train.

Cologne, Germany, Dom. Hotel.

**Sunday, Oct. 12.**

We arrived here at 4.25 p.m., and as soon as we stepped on the platform a big man from Cook's touched me on the arm and said "Mr. McCarron and lady." He immediately had our baggage looked after and put on the bus with us. The hotel is just opposite the station and we have a very nice room on the second floor, with bath, writing table, reading lamp, a balcony (table and two chairs) overlooking a very green patch with artistic flower beds.

We did not go to Ostend for the reason that Mr. McClelland thought everything would be very much closed at this late season, so we went to church, and got the 10.54 train out of Brussels. All along we rode in a very level country until we reached Liege, where the dining car from the Paris train was connected, and after crossing the German border we had lunch.

We are just waiting for dinner now. After having a little wash we went out for a while, but somehow Tom does not feel himself. He is eating well enough, but taking too much coffee, I think. However, he is still looking after the traffic, and enjoys it.

I really haven't anything new to tell you just now. I presume you have already seen the awful disaster at mid-ocean, and the Carmania was one of the first steamers to offer assistance and send messages. It was lucky for the McGrane party that they had landed.

I fully expected to have the letters sent to

Edinburgh waiting here for me, but they have not come.

Hope I may hear from you soon. With love to all.

**Oct. 13, 7.20 p.m.**

We have had a very busy day sightseeing, and finished with a good dinner a half-hour ago; in fact, we had to decline one course of roast duck, being filled with other good things, and only had capacity for ice cream and fruit to finish.

We started sharp at 9 a.m., and had a fine little German, who had six years in London, could speak English finely, and was most attentive. The carriage, with its beautiful grey horse, was most comfortable and had a good appearance.

Went into the museum and viewed the pictures, some of which were excellent; sculptures and different curios found at various times since the prosperity of the Romans, who at one time ruled this country, such as drinking glasses, coins, and jugs buried at the time of death. To explain this, I mean that different presents were put in the casket and buried with the remains, and now for a long time at different excavations such things are being dug up.

The city itself is very nice, being the most important on the Rhine, and we like it a great deal better than Brussels, the little Paris of Belgium, with its noise and drinking saloons on

the streets. Here you see nothing like that; in fact, Cologne is called the Rome of Germany, and is renowned for its churches and church treasures.

The churches, both the interior and exterior, are wonderful productions of fine work and architecture, and the brains and genius of the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th centuries were marvelous, and, as the guide said, "it is particular," meaning it was important to notice.

The mother of Nero was born in Cologne, so that historical records date back many centuries, and in the time of Emperor Constantine a bridge was built over the Rhine at this point, and his mother, St. Helen, founded the Church of St. Geron, where now are kept the skulls of the many martyrs whose blood saturated the soil of Cologne. St. Ursula, with her heroic virgins, is also given the greatest of reverence, and every tourist makes a visit to these two churches.

And the Cathedral, it is beyond me to give any idea of its magnificence. The ground floor displays clearly a Latin cross, with high altar, choir, chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, St. Engelbert, St. John, Our Lady, St. Agnes, St. Maternus' (the first Bishop of Cologne), St. Michael, and St. Stephen. The statuary decorations everywhere are wonderful. The canopy over the centre door is carved to represent "Christ, our Lord seated as judge of the world with the Book of Life in His hands."

The treasury is filled with specimens of every period of ecclesiastical goldsmiths' work, and guards of honor are kept on duty all the

time, and had we not the guide I don't believe we would have been allowed to enter.

After lunch we drove along the Rhine, saw the new bridge, the different monuments, what remains of the old gates and piece of Roman wall which surrounds the city. It is now 800 years old, and will likely stand another 800, ten feet in thickness, and certainly was intended as a strong protection.

Went to another museum, where we saw a great collection of art furniture and ecclesiastical pieces, such as vestments, etc., dating back to the 13th and 14th century. Tom did not leave the carriage, but remained outside to listen to a regimental band serenading an officer in front of his house. I don't know why it is he does not feel any too good. He complains of being chilly and weak. He can eat well enough. He has taken asperin and a hot bath, so I am in the room again to-night while he is in bed. I am thankful to say I am fine myself; never felt better.

We drove through the swell boulevards to see the very handsome homes, and finished with a drive through the botanical gardens and the shopping district. Some of the departmental stores are very good, and a new one just opened was particularly interesting and attractive.

It is now 9 p.m., and the bells all around are ringing. The chimes of the Cathedral commenced at early morn and at 6 a.m. rang long enough to disturb the whole of Europe. I am hoping they will have us up early in the morn-

ing, as we leave at 8.08 for Coblenz, where we take the boat down the Rhine.

I think I have told you all for to-day. Had a very nice letter from E. McCarron on arrival here. Must send her an acknowledgement. With fondest love to all.

Hotel Metropole, Wiesbaden.

**Wednesday, Oct. 15.**

I think the Germans feel like sousing us to-day as it is raining and looks like a day of it. They don't have showers, it is usually a whole day affair, and if I remember rightly Dollie told me they had over three weeks of rain.

Well, we were up at 4.45 a.m. yesterday, having taken an earlier train than we expected, through the cancellation of some of the boat service at this late season. At 6.17 a.m. we said good-bye to Cologne in the dark, and were some miles in the railroad yard before the day began to break. It was remarkable to notice at that early hour the number of people who came off the incoming trains, including a whole regiment of soldiers.. However, the sun soon came out in full force, but now that the first white frost has been seen I expect there will be a change in the weather. We arrived at Coblenz at 8.27, drove to the boat, and were ready to sail at 10.15 on the Rhine.

Coblenz has a splendid situation, at the junction of the Moselle River and Rhine, and contains 55,000 inhabitants and many objects of

interest. Our time, of course, was very limited, but we were fortunate enough to see the impressive monument of the Kaiser, Emperor William, and the Moselle Bridge, built in the 14th century. The hotel at the dock is exceptionally nice, and the tourist who has the time can find innumerable places of interest and beauty to visit from there.

Tom was beginning to feel better, and remained in the dining cabin all day, where it was very nice and warm with the sun shining on the windows.

All the passengers were upstairs in the front, and on our departure I went up for a while, and seeing a vacant seat I took it. Immediately a young lady and woman began something in German, and the young man who had occupied the seat came along, tipped his hat, and murmured something which, I presume, meant I had his seat. But not intending to stay very long, I said, "I don't understand you," and remained until I was satisfied. It was funny to see them all casting their eyes on me and say "English."

We had an exceptionally good day for our trip on the Rhine, and with the sunlight on the colored foliage it was very much more to be admired than in the heart of the summer. Almost all the way there is an uninterrupted succession of picturesque castles, some complete and inhabited, while others consisted of fallen ruins, grey with age, overgrown with green vines, and over which legend and history have cast a spell.

Castle Rheinstein belongs to Prince Henry

of Prussia, and is, we were told, the most picturesque. It is open for inspection, and refreshments are served on request of the tourists.

The Niederwald Monument, a very fine specimen of work, was erected in the 18th century, to commemorate the uprising of the German people.

Everywhere the people were busy plucking the grapes, and we could see miles and miles of grape vines, and at lunch enjoyed the Rhine wine.

We met Mr. and Mrs. Jones, from New Zealand, who had spent three months in Canada last year, the greater part of which was in Toronto, making the Queen's Hotel their home. They have been around the world, and are the third couple we have met making this trip.

5.20 p.m. we arrived at Beibrich and took the trolley into Wiesbaden and were in our room at 6.15 p.m.

Accommodation is very fine, and our chairs and room were reserved on arrival.

When we started out this morning it was fine enough, but it has been raining since 10 a.m. We visited the principal places, including parliament buildings, museum, bath house. Tried to drink the mineral water hot from the spring, but a little afraid it might not agree with me; only tasted it; in fact it was so hot, would have to wait until it cooled.

The Kursaal Concert Hall is very beautiful, contains card room, restaurant, billiards, and reading room, and the garden surrounding is equally as nice for outdoor band concerts.



From what we can see the Germans are very good to themselves, have beautiful homes, and seem wealthy.

I had a long letter from Maudie on arrival. She tells me she has only had one stingy letter. I hope you are telling her what we are doing. I am not writing letters to all. Hope you are well. Expect, or at least hope, we will hear from you in Frankfort. We go there to-morrow. It is time for lunch now. Tom is feeling better to-day.

#### **Thursday, Oct. 16.**

We are ready to bid adieu to Wiesbaden and are waiting for train time to go to Frankfort. It is beautiful and considerably warmer than yesterday. The rain in the morning put a dampness through everything, and while it only rained a little the sun did not come out at all.

Wiesbaden being practically a health resort, a great many afflicted people are here to take the Kochbrunnen—the baths of hot mineral water.

The accommodations for these are wonderful. On our rounds we called at the largest, and it being the hour for men Tom was taken right in to see the baths.

There is also considerable wealth here, judging from the beautiful residences and surroundings. We have been told that people in retired circumstances come to live here because income

tax and other rates are very low, compared to other German cities. In Brussels if one has been a citizen for so many years the corporation or city pays the party so much percentage. The property is nearly all owned by the municipality.

Wiesbaden is also very clean and the laws very strict. For instance, a girl or woman is not allowed on the street or elsewhere to sell flowers or other things, such as you see so commonly in Paris, London, and other places, at eleven o'clock, when the theatres are coming out.

The carriage; in fact, the whole turnout we had yesterday was practically new, and the carriage rug of white caracul was very nice, but the guide was no good. He was young and bashful, and he was no help in the way of explaining, except to interpret the language for us.

This is a great grape or wine producing country, but the crop is a failure this year, as well as last. The Rhine wine, as they call it, is equally as good as some French wines, but it has not the circulation or name. There is a big champagne distillery at Biebrich, and the head waiter was trying to convince Tom that it is worth while making a visit to see it. I don't know whether he is going or not. He is out just now. He is beginning to feel fine again. I am splendid myself. Hope you are.

Carlton Hotel, Frankfort.

October 16.

Just as we were having lunch in Wiesbaden before taking our train your letter and one from Dollie and E. McC. arrived, all of which we were glad to have, and particularly yours, as it was very newsy.

Perhaps you will notice we are traveling a day ahead of our schedule since leaving Brussels. We left there one day earlier, and where we can do this we might as well, and then we will have more time in Paris or London.

We arrived here and were fixed up at 4 p.m. Cook's man met us when getting off the train. The hotel is just across the square, opposite the station, same as in Cologne. It is beautiful, and we have a very nice room on the second floor, opposite elevator, and overlooking the square in the front.

We strolled out for a little while, but as it is now 6 p.m. we are waiting for dinner. The head waiter at the Metropole, in Wiesbaden, gave me a note in German to the head one here to give us good attention.

We liked the meals in Wiesbaden very much, and could vary from the table d'hote without extra charge. For instance, we could have nice sliced tomatoes instead of boiled celery. I liked the beer we had there, too.

I had a nice long letter from Mrs. Williams, of Winnipeg, on our arrival, and I was greatly surprised to know she is only weighing 128 instead of 150.

I was weighed yesterday and I tip the scales at 142, so I am not losing any.

Hope George Orr is better. His vacations don't seem to improve him much.

In Dollie's letter she said she was not very well the first night. I guess she was lonesome, not going to the corner, which naturally had its dear and sorrowful reminiscences for her. It will seem strange and quiet for a while, and now that the evenings come on earlier it will make a big change.

It was quite nice of Mrs. Oliver to invite you to such a nice dinner. I sincerely hope she and the boys are real well.

We are going to dine now, and then to the theatre—a vaudeville show.

Will write you again to-morrow after our day of sightseeing. With love to all. Thank Lizzie for her kindness in helping. Tom is feeling better.

### October 17.

We have just finished with the guide, and I will try and tell you what we have seen.

Frankfort is one of the finest German cities ~~in the world~~, has a population of 350,000, and is very rich, in parts very ancient, and many houses of the 15th century are still to be seen. The streets, too, are very narrow, not even room for a horse and wagon to pass through.

At the City Hall, built in the early centuries, we spent some little time, and on enter-

ing we had to put on soft slippers over our boots to avoid scratching the floors or bringing in any dust. Paintings of all the Kings or Emperors of the Roman time are to be seen; also the election hall. From here we strolled through the very ancient part to the Cathedral, the oldest in the city, founded in 870. rather large, but not to be compared with some we have seen. It was just being decorated and the smell of glue was terrible.

We continued our drive through the main business thoroughfares, which, by the way, are extra wide and clean, and through the narrow street of the Jewish quarter, which at one time was locked in the evening and opened again in the morning, for what reason I don't know. On this street is the home and birthplace of the original Rothschild—the millionaire people. On account of the Jewish celebration, which has been going on for several days, we were not permitted to enter. It would have been interesting, as it is still in its original state of preservation.

We next visited the home of Goethe, the author, of the 17th century, found his kitchen particularly interesting to notice that an individual fire had to be made under each pot that was cooking.

We returned to the hotel, had lunch, and started again at 2 p.m., first driving through the forest for an hour, and it was lovely with the sun shining on the colored leaves. In some parts, however, it was so thick it was almost impossible to send any shining rays through.

The homes of the millionaires (800 living

here) were the next to be admired, and through a new residential district, we came to the Palm Garden, where is the most wonderful collection of flowers I have ever seen. The mums were perfectly grand, and this being the season they were in full bloom. Our courier said: "Any who did not see the Palm Garden did not see Frankfort." A fee of 1 mark has to be paid by all admitted, thus it is kept very select. When we arrived at the pavilion afternoon tea was being served and the orchestra of 36 pieces playing. We had refreshments and returned to the hotel in time for dinner. This completed another very eventful day in the way of sightseeing, and it being so nice, we enjoyed all immensely.

I forgot to tell you the city is a blaze of color, with bunting and flags, in honor of the jubilee celebration to-morrow of the independence of Prussia, or the exclusion of the French from Germany.

In order to fully enjoy the demonstration we are leaving for Heidelberg to-morrow, instead of Sunday, and will return here on Monday to make our connections for Berlin. It is only a short ride to Heidelberg, and the guide strongly advises us to do this. Of course Heidelberg is included in the itinerary.

Dogs are very scarce or rare as the tax is high.

Tom is feeling better and busy with the traffic.

The guide to-day was a splendid little man, and could speak the English language as well as we could. As we go along we find the Pari-

sian was the worst, and I was not satisfied from the first day with him, but Tom did not want to complain.

M. D. sent us a bundle of papers to Wiesbaden, for which I wish you would thank her, and tell her how much we both appreciated them.

Heidelberg, Hotel d'Europe.

**Sunday, Oct. 19, 8.30 a.m.**

This is our first morning in Heidelberg and we are to go out with the guide at 10 a.m.

Arrived here at 4 p.m. yesterday, and after getting fixed up we strolled around for a while. It is very small in comparison with the places just visited, but it is very beautifully situated in the valley of two large mountains, and the town is built on both sides of the river.

We are rather disappointed, however, to find that the big celebration is to be in Leipzig, where a new monument is being unveiled in memory of the Franco-Prussian War, and then there is also the International Exhibition of the Building Trades and Homes going on too, which is quite an attraction. However, the whole place is decorated and the students and soldiers were out in full force in a torchlight procession, to make as much excitement as possible. After dinner we went down to the bridge with the crowds to see the illuminations on the mountain. It was indeed very pretty and with the moon in all its fulness reflecting on the river presented a very pretty effect.

There is quite a big university here and, I believe, this is or was at one time the first educational place in Germany. Outside the castle and the scenery there is very little to interest the sightseer.

Coming here hungry, as we did, the dinner put before us was sufficient attraction for me—vegetable soup, fish, steak (the nicest we have had in a long time), green peas, beans, carrots, French fries, tomato sauce, pudding, small cakes, and fruit. Isn't that something worth while? I enjoyed every bit of it. In so many places we get such a collection of things I don't like, such as pigeons, small birds, and sauerkraut.

Again we have a beautiful room, on the first floor, overlooking the pretty garden or lawn in the front of the hotel. This is the largest hotel here and accommodates many hundred people, but the season closed on the 15th of October. You know, the climate in Germany is very similar to our own, and at the summer resorts it is a few weeks late. Of course, we are not here for our health. We are both feeling fine and hope all at home are.

We are returning to Frankfort this afternoon.

It is reported that the explosion of a Zeppelin happened yesterday and 28 people were killed. Six were killed in a railroad accident in Liverpool, and with the disaster at mid-ocean makes three within 10 days. Terrible each one has been.



**October 19.**

We are back again in Frankfort and had rather an unpleasant day sightseeing, as it began to get foggy and rain a little, so we took a hurried departure from Heidelberg.

However, after going to church, we drove to see the castle, which was commenced at the end of the 13th century, and according to the fancy of each Ruler one piece after another was built. In the time of war the palace suffered much, but it was completely restored and fortified until 1764, when it was struck with lightning and the whole interior became a prey to flames. No further restoration has been made, but the greatest care has been taken to protect the ruins.

The gardens, with their terraces, grottoes, statues and flower beds, are arranged in the richest variety. Its beautiful trees, too, are venerable relics of time.

After wandering through the different parts we came back to the carriage to see the Post Office, Chemical Laboratory, St. Peter's Church, University Library, which contains 350,000 volumes; the University, the Archaeological Institute, containing many casts of plaster and electrotype facsimiles of old coins; the Church of the Jesuits, the largest in Heidelberg, and in the vaults of which rest the remains of Friedrich the Victorious; Bismark Place, a pretty garden, containing a very fine bust of Bismark; the hospitals of the University, which

form a series of buildings, and the Botanical Gardens.

If time permitted and it was a little earlier in the season many interesting little excursions could be taken to the suburbs of Heidelberg and with much pleasure.

After dinner we met Mr. Vaughan, a very nice American from Philadelphia, and we spent the evening together. Mrs. Vaughan is confined to bed with a nurse in attendance. She is suffering from a severe cold in the head, and the doctor says there is a little inflammation. A great many people have colds and at first I thought it was hay fever, but they say not. The weather has been so changeable.

There is a foreign princess stopping here who has attracted considerable attention. She has four attendants, and any one of them looks better, sensibly or otherwise, than the Royal person; in fact, I believe she is a little "queer."

I haven't any more to write about just now. Have sent off a few lines to Lizzie, telling her to read your letters in order to save my time. I have really reduced my writing by just acknowledging the letters I receive.

Savoy Hotel, Berlin.

**October 20.**

We have been traveling from 8.23 a.m. to 3.34 p.m., Frankfort to Berlin, on a very nice train, very warm and comfortable, and on arrival found guide waiting for us, who drove to

the hotel with us, and, by the way, it was the nicest taxi I was ever in, so large and roomy, finished off with grey and white trimmings.

Found the mail which had been sent to Edinburgh waiting for us, also two letters from Lizzie, two cards from Maudie, one letter from Mrs. Martin and two from you, all of which brought us interesting news, and Tom is already enjoying the papers sent by Mrs. Martin.

It is very warm and like summer, and the cafes are serving tea on the street at small tables, like in Paris.

Just opposite our window is an amusement park or circus and it is as busy as can be. Would remind one of Hanlan's Point.

Will write later when I have seen something of Berlin. Love to the families.

## **October 21.**

It is just 8.30 p.m. and Tom is preparing for bed.

We cancelled our appointment with the guide to-day as Tom did not feel good enough and he did not get up till noon. He took a real warm bath and asperin last night, and I think he is feeling better. I left instructions at the office to send me an English-speaking doctor, but the one who usually attends the guests at this house did not come in last night, so we had to do without.

After lunch, about 2.30 p.m., we went out while the sun was shining. It was so nice it seemed a pity to remain in. We strolled

around to the new art gallery, where we saw an endless number of pictures and sculptures by the modern German masters. We then went to the Kaiser Cafe for afternoon tea.

From what we have seen, Berlin is really a city of statues and monuments, and each one has its elaborate decoration or wreath from the celebration on Saturday. In fact, flags are still flying everywhere and a great many soldiers were on parade. It is, too, the country of soldiers and militia.

Friedrichstr, on which the Savoy is located, is very narrow in parts, but 18 miles long.

## **October 22.**

We have just finished our first day with the guide in Berlin, and find it very interesting and beautiful. It is the third largest city of Europe, 2,500,000 population, but cannot date its historical or political importance back as far as London or Paris. It is, as you know, the capital of the Kingdom of Prussia as well as the German Empire, and it is the seat of the highest authorities. The Kaiser, William II, and the Empress were just coming to the castle as we were going to make a tour of the State apartments, so we had to be denied admission.

To see the soldiers everywhere one would naturally conclude it a city of militia, and this being the Empress's birthday all are wearing the helmet in honor of the occasion.

At 1 p.m., when the relief guards were going on duty, the streets were jammed—every day it is the same—and as we happened to be in the palace of the Emperor's grandfather, William I, and Empress Augusta, we had a splendid view as they marched by, and one of the horses, a beauty, jet black, came prancing to the time of the music. It was indeed very nice. Later the Crown Prince drove up to his palace, which is situated between the Emperor's castle and his great-grandfather's. The present Ruler's father only ruled 99 days, having died of cancer, but his grandfather lived to the age of 96 or 97.

We found the palace very interesting and full of beautiful specimens of fine art, antiques, portraits of the Royal Family, presents of lapis lazuli, carrara marble; and the Malachite Room is furnished with very rich presents from the Russian relations. The circular ballroom, with its echo, was also rather interesting.

From there we went to the Arsenal, which contains a miscellaneous collection of war instruments and captured firearms, etc. The display arrangement is excellent, having stuffed horses for the cavalry. So you can better understand me, I might say they have a long glass case, with the mounted officers in uniform, showing the style of dress for the past 200 years. It is here, too, always at 12 noon on New Year's Day, that the Emperor assembles with his family to wish his officers the season's compliments. There are seven sons and one daughter in the first house of the Royal Family.

When we were in Frankfort there was a

Grecian prince stopping at the Carlton who had nine attendants, and a princess—"only half-baked," as Mr. Vaughan said. She really looked it, and she always had two attendants in the dining room with her.

We then visited the Dom, the Kaiser's church, situated just opposite his palace, and the equestrian statue of King Frederick William II.

This is not a city of churches, but rather of statues, fountains and beer cafes. The present ruler, we have been told, has done a great deal to beautify his native place. In one avenue, The Siegesalle—like College Ave.—he has a very fine display of sculpture work, representing the rulers of Prussia from 1100 to the present time. He made a sort of competition, that is, he allowed copies to be submitted without any names, and then in awarding the work he really did not know who was getting it. It happened that one man was awarded a number of them. And at the end of the avenue stands a Gothic fountain, with the figure of the National Hero erected by the city in appreciation of their Ruler.

All through the city are to be seen any number of huge bronze works, either fountains or statues. In the Tiergarten are many marble statues, including Emperor and Empress Frederick III, Queen Louise, Goethe, and Wagner.

This afternoon we drove to Charlottenburg, passing through Brandenburg Gate, House of Parliament, Bismark and Moltke monuments, Charlottenburg Palace, and a promenade through the gardens to the Mausoleum, the

resting place of Queen Louise, King Frederick William III, the Emperor William I, and Empress Augusta, the great-grandparents and the grandparents of the Kaiser. Queen Louise's picture is often shown in Simpson's shoe window display, the original of which is in the museum at Brussels.

On our return we drove through the fashionable drive, Unter den Linden, meeting the Crown Prince and Princess in their motor, and we also had the pleasure of seeing the airship which comes in every day from Potsdam to Berlin and returns (\$50 for two hours). It is the same model, the Zeppelin, that exploded on Friday, when 27 of the 28 were killed instantly, the other man dying on Saturday. It was a military airship and it is believed they forced it too much, wanting to make a record.

It was a very pathetic scene yesterday to see 23 caskets being carried out at the one time. Five were taken to another church.

We then came to the Piccadilly Cafe for afternoon tea, another beautiful place, crowded with young and old, even men, taking their tea, coffee, chocolate, or beer. It has just recently been opened and over 500 people stood all night so as to be admitted and be on the first night craze.

It is now after 12.30 midnight and we have been into the Ice Palace, and have had the pleasure of seeing a whole show performed on the skates.

Well, May, as it is late and we go to Potsdam in the morning, I must get into bed, so will say good night.

**October 23.**

As usual, I have a few moments before the guide comes. Unfortunately, it is a little dreary, and I don't know whether Tom will cancel our arrangements for another day. It is not raining, just a mist, but it makes it so chilly and it seems to penetrate him so. I notice you are having a cold spell in the West and a gale of 60 miles has been blowing on the Atlantic.

I told you we were at the Ice Palace. It was very entertaining. In the balconies and on the main floor tables were arranged for small dinner parties. In fact, one could order anything they liked, just an ice or soda, but a great many had come in evening dress and fully prepared to spend the night and, no doubt, part of the morning. Even at 5 a.m. there is no difference in the crowds on the streets or cafes. The man in the room next to us usually comes in about that hour.

"The Gay Doll" was the most unique thing, and sharp at 8, when the whistle blew, the skaters cleared the ice and the performance began; fancy skaters first, a little vaudeville or variety, and then the revue, a pantomime on skates, entitled "The Gay Doll." One very clever little girl, or perhaps a small-sized lady, came out dressed in a pretty little white lace dress over blue, long light curls, white hat with large blue bow, white shoes and half stockings, and she certainly made the prettiest mechanical doll imaginable. Just moved her head and hands like you so often see them, particularly at Xmas time, and what she couldn't do on skates wasn't



worth doing. Then they had a carnival, a circus, with performing pony—made up, of course—and several other funny things which go to make up the ordinary circus. During the play all the boys were in love with the doll, and one infatuated her so much that she finally rode with him in a chariot or fancy carriage drawn by two white ponies. The other carriage had dark ponies. All the time there was a little red-haired boy after her, and when he saw the Doll being taken away from him he fainted on the ice and had to be carried off.

The next scene required some preparation (before this they only used a curtain at one end). It was a castle scene in Egypt or some of the Eastern countries, and in this act the little red-haired boy finally persuaded the Doll to come and live with him, and at once she was made a queen, changed her costume on the ice, and they went to the castle to live. An immense rug was put down with cushions spread around, and they sat there while an army of attendants came out, seven at a time—you know how they do in comic opera—and danced on their skates. Some were dressed as butterflies, birds, peacocks, ponies, and other things, making about one hundred. When all had assembled they went through a drill, the different colors together, making it very lovely, and at the conclusion the castle was illuminated and water went shooting up from the fountain to the time of the music at various heights up to 50 feet.

The colored lights reflecting on the water

made it very pretty, and they say the Ice Palace is the only thing of its kind in the world.

Later there was another performance of several fancy skaters, and a game. I don't know what they would call it, but there were three men on a side with a goal at the end. The ball is like a football, but ten or twelve times larger, and they play by throwing it in the air. It is not to touch the ice.

I think we will try a skate before we leave.

### **October 23.**

Well, we got out to Potsdam, the residence of the Royalty at various times, and the cradle of the Prussian army, where some of the crack regiments of the guard are stationed.

We went on the train, almost an hour's ride, and we were glad not a drop of rain fell all day. It cleared and was quite pleasant and not too cool for driving. A carriage was waiting for us when we came to the depot.

The arrangements we are traveling on are certainly very fine, and we have encountered no trouble at all.

Potsdam is really a town of some 65,000 people, and the real importance of the place dates back to the time of Frederick the Great. He made this his favorite residence, and the Stadt Schloss, Sans Souci and the new palace were his creations.

We first visited the Sans Souci Castle and Gardens, where everything is kept exactly as in the days of the old Emperor.

Then to the Garrison Church, where rest the remains of Frederick the Great and Frederick William I, and passed the historical windmill to the new Sans Souci, but unfortunately we had to be satisfied with the admiration of the beautiful gardens and Royal park grounds, as the Kaiser seems to be following us around, the Royal Family having just arrived at the palace to celebrate quietly the birthday of the Empress. She had requested that there should be no fuss on account of the recent disaster of the Zeppelin. She did not want enjoyment when so many were in sorrow. The whole of Germany has expressed a great deal of regret on this account. Being a military airship, they were all well known officers of high rank; and, think of it, the machine was to the ground in less than a minute after the explosion. Did I tell you we saw a model in the Arsenal? It has a carriage for passengers similar to a Pullman car, and champagne or other refreshments are served.

We had lunch and enjoyed all the good things prepared for us. We then made a tour of inspection through the Stadt Schloss, and from one of the windows enjoyed seeing the soldiers on drill.

It is almost time for me to get ready for dinner, so I must be off. Good-bye to all.

## October 23.

After dining we went to the Wintergarden, an immense place, extending from one street to another, the stage being in the centre on one side, and on an elevated platform parallel with the stage are small tables where everything, even dinner, can be served. In the orchestra seats, where we were, is a railing with a hole cut at every seat for a glass to fit in. Any amusement or attraction would not be right without the eating or drinking.

The ceiling was done to represent the sky and electric bulbs were arranged as stars—something new, never saw anything like it before.

It was vaudeville, and all but one turn was in English, so we both enjoyed it.

It is now 12 p.m. and Tom is busily interested in the traffic at the front door. He is feeling better and this is a good sign.

## October 24.

This is another nice day and we have been down as far as the shopping district, where we spent an hour in one departmental store, Wertheims, the largest here. Emerald, green, purple, orange, and tango are the predominating colors. Not so much fox seen here as in Paris, but there is more than you would see in Toronto.

On enquiring why we should see so many men with big ugly scars on their faces and heads, we were told that they are Varsity

students and receive them in friendly duels, which are considered quite honorable. They are very proud of them. One young man in Wiesbaden must have eight marks.

### **October 25.**

After writing you yesterday we went through another shopping district and returned to the hotel about 6 or 6.30. We dressed and went to dinner at 8 p.m., which usually takes about an hour, and at 9.30 had our initiation in a German cabaret. Remained there until 11 p.m., and then went to the Palace de Dance. I never will forget the beauty of the place. Being there early we had, of course, the choice of good seats, and watched with interest the pretty dresses and hats. Even the furs were beautiful. And at 12 or 12.30 the place was beginning to be crowded. I have certainly enjoyed a good many laughs since. Champagne was the only refreshment served and everyone had to buy a quart bottle. We managed to spill ours away and I said to Tom at breakfast this morning at 11 a.m. "I would like to go again for the sake of the champagne." But it is rather expensive and intended only for one night. Most people go to see just as we did.

To tell you something of it I might say on ascending the stairs, after leaving wraps in a handsome cloak room, we came into a large room containing tables and chairs, and adjoining is another, separated with fancy arches and railing. We went down the three or four steps

to a table at the railing, where we had a splendid view.

The dance floor is in the centre of this second room, surrounded by yellow marble rail and 8 large marble fonts filled with the grandest pink roses. The walls were of grey and brown granite decorated at top and bottom with gold ornaments, and at the top of heavy panels were gold baskets filled with yellow bulbs to represent roses, and between each were mirrors set in as medallions in gold frames. A large vase of red poppies stood on gold shelf with cupids in profusion at bottom of medallions. This room was round, with dome effect for ceiling, a large glass top to represent diamonds in centre, and painted medallions extending from this at different intervals to reach the granite columns. The whole effect was very grand, the swellest thing we have seen, and cost, I believe, \$175,000. The orchestra is elevated, and a fancy staircase extends from either side, and the men wore red military coats. The waiters wore velvet bloomers and tail coats of brown with brass buttons.

The ladies danced with the most elaborate ermine scarfs. Hair was marceled—no plain dressing at all. Everybody smoked cigarettes. It was real funny for us to watch the different antics to become acquainted. At 1 a.m. the place was packed and they were arriving as fast as they could. It was after 2 a.m. when we took our departure, and this accounts for our late breakfast.

It is another beautiful day and we are go-

ing to see the aeroplane flights by the French aviator Pegoud.

After my long wait for mail I have just received five letters—yours, Emily's, Mrs. Clifford's, Mrs. Martin's, and Dollie's. So glad to have all, and I now must be off to read them and to lunch early in order to get the 1.45 train.

### October 25.

Was very glad to have letters from you, E. McCarron, J. Deacon, and Mrs. Shaughnessy this morning, and I have noted with interest all contained in yours. Very glad to know of the erection of the O'Donnell monument. I am sorry to know Mr. Shaughnessy is not well, and it is too bad Sister Ethelberg does not improve.

Well, we got out to Johannisthal, and long before departure at 1.45 the train platform and everywhere was so crowded that we had to pack in anywhere and stood the 30 minutes we were traveling. There was no choice in second or third class and as many as 25 people were in the one compartment, which ordinarily accommodates eight comfortably. On our arrival the roads leading to the aerodrome were crowded, and a circle was made of spectators who were not entering the grounds. Tom paid an entrance fee of 10 marks (\$2.50) and we had chairs in the front row in one of the boxes. Had a splendid place. It is very similar to the Woodbine but much larger, and at 3.15 p.m. you could not find a vacant spot on

the lawns. The style, too, was marvelous, all kinds of smart suits and furs.

Before Pegoud made his flights several other aviators flew around and amused the spectators until the Frenchman made his appearance at 3.30 p.m. On his ascension in his light-looking machine he waved and waved and on every somersault he made the people sent up heaps of applause and cheers, and he waved in acknowledgement. He remained up fully three-quarters of an hour and he went so very high that he could hardly be seen. I said to Tom I thought he must be as far up in the sky as we were away from home. Some English people we met from Honolulu thought the same. It was most wonderful, and in the midst of the excitement the airship from Potsdam made a circle of the course. We made good use of the glasses to-day. 50,000 marks was the prize or money offered, 30,000 for to-day and 20,000 for Sunday, and some additional if he should make two flights to-day. It was a perfectly glorious day and he no doubt took advantage of it by ascending twice. On the second flight we left the grounds for the train, and oh me, oh my, what a jam, but when we were able to reach the station platform we were lucky enough to meet a German naval officer who could speak English and he chatted with us until the train came in, and then he and his friend held the compartment door until I got in first, Tom next, and they two, so we were quite comfortable coming into the city. Every available space was taken. There must have been over 100,000 people out to the grounds. This officer is in



the flying business, too, but his are water flights and he goes up every morning at 5 a.m. So we think we were lucky, being strangers and unfamiliar with the language, to have tackled the crowd.

Grand Union Hotel, Dresden.

### October 26.

We arrived here at 7 p.m., and since then we have had a good evening meal, and I just wish you could have seen the quantity of ice cream Tom enjoyed. When I remarked about it he said, "I am just beginning to get my appetite back," but I don't know when and where he lost the original. He is feeling fine and has taken to the pipe and cigars again, and the traffic has not missed much without him. Even the beggars or smart men have been trying to touch him for meals.

Well, we finished our visit in Berlin by going to St. Hedwig Church, where some of the Royal Family attend, and it was so packed that we had to stand all the time. The singing was beautiful.

After mass we strolled around, saw the relief guards of honor again, and arrived at the hotel about noon, packed up, and lunched before taking our departure.

Cook's interpreter was at the depot and had two seats next the window reserved for us, and on our arrival here the manager came out and addressed Tom, "Mr. McCarron," and I was handed a letter from Lizzie, so we are well

looked after. We have a lovely room and the meal to-night is an exceptionally good sample. We both enjoyed it.

You might ring Mutual and Roxboro and tell them I received the letters at Berlin. I haven't answered any yet, but will soon.

Grand Hotel, Nurnberg.

**October 27.**

Having met a very nice young lady, Miss Florence Pope, of Columbus, Ohio, who was on her way to Vienna for the winter with Dr. Smith, wife and child, we were out late last evening and this accounts for my not writing, and I did not have time this morning, as our train pulled out at 8.30 and we were up at 7.

At first when leaving Dresden we came into a very rugged but pretty country, and the forests were even nicer than any we had seen. The coloring of the trees was grand and afforded good subjects for the artist. Soon cultivated land was to be seen, and men and women, particularly the latter, were busy with the finishing touches of the fields for this year. Some were ploughing with oxen, while others were working as hard as possible pulling turnips, cabbage, etc., and drawing them in. Wherever there are any cattle or sheep grazing, even a flock of geese, there is someone watching them. All through Germany this seems to be the custom, and there are no fences dividing the farms or along the roadway.

Well, I must tell you something of Dresden,

and I may say to me it looked its fairest under a grand blue sky and glorious sunshine. With the gardens in full bloom and the window boxes and rose beds beautiful, one could easily have been excused in imagining it was May instead of October. Since leaving Wiesbaden we have had all that could have been desired in the weather. Some children were running bare-footed, while at some of the nice places they were taking afternoon tea on the verandah.

The guide, with a very good looking turnout—always a landau—came early, and we started through the better residential district to the art gallery, where we saw the famous "Madonna," by Raffaello, a most wonderful picture, as well as many other works of the masters of the Italian, Spanish, French and Flemish schools of the early centuries.

We then went to the Royal Court Church, adjoining the King's Castle, where there is a private bridge leading from the apartments to boxes or glass enclosures in the gallery over the altar. A wedding was being performed. We always seem to strike something on our visits. In the palace we saw some very magnificently furnished rooms, and particularly priceless china. The guide pointed out six high blue vases (looked Chinese), for which one King had exchanged a regiment of soldiers.

1 p.m. we were back at the hotel for lunch and resumed our drive at 3 p.m., going through the old and new part of the city, also the parks and finished at the hotel about 5 p.m.

Dresden is the capital of Saxony and is situated on both banks of the Elbe, and is often

called the "Florence" of Germany. Has 550,000 inhabitants, and is the birthplace of many famous men, such as Korner, the poet, and Von Bulow, the pianist. It contains many sights of interest to the traveler, such as arsenal collection, libraries, botanical gardens, aquarium, Green Vault in the main courtyard of the Royal Palace, Bismark, Luther, Mozart monuments, and Neptune's Fountain in the garden of the municipal hospital.

As in Brussels, the dogs are made very useful, but instead of being hitched as a pair or three, we saw a dog hitched to one shaft, while an old lady and sometimes a young man pulled on the other. It was Monday and all day we met them pulling carts filled with laundry baskets. Women in Germany certainly have to work hard.

Miss Pope joined us on our return and we had afternoon tea before saying good-bye.

We arrived in Nurnberg about 4.10 p.m., after seven hours' ride in the train, and it is now 6.45, and I feel equal for my dinner. I don't care very much for the meals on the diners running in Germany. We will be leaving here probably on Thursday or Friday, and then, after our visit to Munich, we will leave the German Empire for Switzerland.

Tom is busy now writing to Jim in acknowledgement of a letter he received yesterday.

Our room is very nicely situated overlooking the square or park in front of the depot, very similar to the Carlton at Frankfort, and we find it quite up-to-date and modern, with all facilities and conveniences. We have run-

ning water in room, two beds, writing table, reading lamp, lounge, four chairs, breakfast table, and plenty of light, both electric and sunshine.

Will sample the dining room now and finish later.

P.S.—I notice the New York Paris Herald on Saturday reports: "Pegoud in his monoplane flew 59 seconds in an upside down position and after righting himself he looped the loop five times. In the course of his second flight he flew head downwards for 1 minute 17 seconds, looped the loop consecutively, and then executed some bewildering manoeuvres, tipping his monoplane's wings vertically and gliding downwards." This was his performance on Saturday, and we heard at least 50 would like to go up with him, but he won't take any. Our guide in Berlin told us he went up once, but never again. He said the sensation is awful. At first one would feel very seasick, can't see, lose your feeling, and are just like dead, and on reaching the ground you can't get your breath.

### **October 28.**

You already know we have received your letters and have perused all in detail, and I hope it won't be long before some more come along. I have certainly enjoyed yours and the few others received, but Tom takes heaps of pleasure from the Canadian papers Margaret D— has been good enough to send. However, time is going very quickly and it won't be long

now until we are starting homeward and my anxiety for news from Toronto will be over.

This is our second day here and the one for sightseeing, but as there is a mist something similar to the one at Wiesbaden and Heidelberg, we have cancelled the arrangement for the guide and carriage, for the reason that Tom was afraid of renewing his cold, so we walked around, visited some old churches, the open market, and admired the shop windows as we went along. It is really a quaint old place, full of antiquity, and to me from general appearance is to Germany what Quebec is to Canada. Some of the buildings date back as far as 1494, and at some time there must have been a great deal of Catholicity, as statues are to be seen in every conceivable place, and last night when Tom asked the hall porter what was the sport or amusement in the evening he replied: "None, too much Catholic." So there is evidently a big percentage still, and quite reverse to the other German places visited between Cologne and Nurnberg.

The sights of the town are: St. Katharine's Church (dates from the 14th century); the city walls and ramparts, new Town Theatre, the National Museum, the renowned depository of German art; Rochus Cemetery; the Zoological Gardens, and the Castle, encircled with its bastions built in 1535, present abundance of pleasant aspects and call up dreams of ages and historical events.

With these one can have a very good idea of Nurnberg and will always remember a visit here.

Hotel Bayerischer Hof, Munich.

**October 29.**

We pulled out of Nurnberg at 1.30 and arrived here at 5.12 p.m., finding two letters of the 17th and 20th, two from Dollie, and one from Sister Ermalinda waiting for us. I was so glad to have them.

Speaking of your chicken dinner and supper reminds me that we have scarcely missed a day without chicken, and lettuce salad. I think it is quite a joke. Every place we go it is salad under a different name, and it is always lettuce with oil.

We have a very beautiful room, and as we go along they improve. This is superb, with the most delicate looking furnishings and drappings.

We met a Mrs. White, of New York, yesterday in Nurnberg, and she tells us we have the best of our trip to see. She has already been in Europe four times, and she is now here over four months.

It is much after 6.30 and I must change for dinner, and if the meals compare with the other things we will be more than satisfied. Will write again when I have something new to tell you.

## October 31.

This is the last day of the month, and the guide tells us it has been the nicest in years. It was so warm that people were without wraps or coats. Munich being so near the mountains, it is considered colder than some of the other places just visited.

1 p.m. we drove out with the guide, first through the better class of residences to the new and old Pinakothek, where we viewed a collection of paintings of celebrated old masters from the 14th to 18th centuries. The new gallery was built in 1846 for King Ludwig I's collection of pictures of contemporary artists and for the work of the 19th century artists. 1,000 pictures are already displayed.

Entered the carriage again and drove around to see the principal monuments, library, university colleges, veterinary college, and the churches, many of which are very old. Then we came to the Hofbrauhaus—the Kaiser's brewery—which we found crowded with men and a few women, sitting at small tables drinking the beer from steins. This is an old institution and still keeps up its celebrity. It is the most frequented beer house, and the old primitive bar has been renewed and looks quite respectable. The rooms are furnished in the style of the time of its foundation and are decorated with a few mottoes, paintings and deer heads. As early as the 15th century beer brewers had a very important position among the tradespeople. Upstairs, because there is a lunch cloth on the table, it is a few pennies



dearer. Tom was greatly amused, and more so when he saw women in uniform, wearing a green hat, cleaning the street. He lost his respect for Germany when they allow this.

The Statue of Bavaria is the largest we have seen, 29 ft. high, cast in bronze, the figure of a Teutonic woman, the patroness of the country, and the lion—Bavaria's power and nobility. For anyone who is fond of climbing stairs there are 48 steps through the figure to the top, and on a good clear day a glorious panorama of the Alps presents itself. To give a real idea of the immensity of the figure, the face is four feet in length, first finger three feet, and the circumference of the arm four feet.

The Siegesthor—Gate of Victory—according to the inscription, was dedicated to the Bavarian army and modeled after the Constantine arch in Rome.

Well, May, really I have seen a great deal more than I am capable of telling you, and it takes time, so I will finish by saying that Munich is really a cultured city of 500,000 people, is the capital of Bavaria, another kingdom of the German Empire, has its own governor, so to speak, with its own laws, etc., but under the Kaiser. Just yesterday the Prince Regent was proclaimed King, and is to be crowned in a few days. The proper heir by title is in an insane institution and has been for 40 years, ever since he was a young man of 27. His uncle ruled for him until a year ago, when he died at the age of 91, and now the son is made King.

This is Hallowe'en and it is very quiet. I

don't believe they celebrate here. The students, we notice, have those awful scars on their faces, and all wear the little colored college cap. I think I told you in all colleges but Catholic they fight friendly duels. and if they flinch at all from the point of the sword, that is, three times, they are excluded from certain clubs.

There is a musicale in the concert hall in the hotel to-night, but we are not going to bother about it.

To-morrow is All Saints, and all places of business and stores will be closed, and the people are busy looking after floral decorations for the cemetery. Every grave will be decorated to-morrow. Even the Jews, they honor the day, and Christmas with the Christmas tree.

We took a little walk after breakfast, and happened to reach Marien platz just in time to hear the chimes of the Town Hall clock, another wonderful piece of architecture, and from what I can understand and see, represents the virtues of a good citizen, namely: Industry, youth with hammer and square; domesticity, mother and child; courage, a soldier, and charity, distribution of bread.

This is something new for us.

In the courtyard the band gives a concert every day at noon.

Some of the streets are very narrow; in fact, in places one has to go under the passageways that have been built across the streets. We drove through some of the oldest parts, and it is remarkable to see the quaint little two-family houses, and money can't get the people

out. While I think of it, did I tell you, when traveling on the trains or even through the towns, we noticed wherever there is any water flowing the people have little stands erected for laundry work. It is so funny to see a lot of women kneeling while they wash.

The Peace Monument, a column 75 ft. high, surmounted by gilt figure resting on a structure supported by twelve antique statues of women, commands great admiration, and on each side the greatest taste has been shown in the park in layout of the paths, grouping of small trees or shrubbery, small rocks, grottoes, and everything to make it as picturesque as possible.

The Prinzregentin Theatre, used only for the Wagner operas, is also very fine.

Much more time than we are able to give could be spent in the places visited to fully appreciate all.

Tom thinks I have written quite enough and wants me to say good night. He is feeling better, and I am so glad. Last night I was afraid he was in for some sickness, and he was worrying about getting home. His eyes were so heavy and he complained of his heart throbbing. I am hoping he will be all right now. Somehow he likes the big cities—London, Paris and Berlin. The smaller historical places don't appeal to him.

## **November 1.**

This has been a very quiet day, just like Sunday, but a perfect day, equally as nice as

yesterday, and Tom was able to enjoy the drive this afternoon, and we witnessed a very wonderful sight by visiting the cemeteries. This being All Saints it was very respectfully celebrated, all public, governmental and business houses were closed, and the bells from the 57 different churches were ringing from early morn. We went to St. Boniface, one of the finest here, and at 1 p.m. the guide and carriage called for us, and we drove first to East Cemetery, to see its fine mortuary and magnificent tombstones. The flowers, wreaths, candles, and colored lamps were the most wonderful I have seen; in fact, I was amazed to see the respect shown the dead. It was marvelous. In a great many cases an old lady had been hired as guard to protect the flowers and to see that the lights would burn until Sunday night. Everyone made a visit to-day, and a full force of police was out to give directions.

It happened that two persons had died and were waiting burial. Three hours after death the remains are brought to the mortuary and left there until the morning of the funeral, when they are taken to the chapel. Rich and poor, Royalty or peasantry, all are treated the same. It is a law prevailing here. The casket is placed in a slanting position, banked all around with flowers and palms, and the friends or public can view the remains as they pass along. The old lady, who looked to me 90 or more, was dressed in white with wreath and veil; and the man in dress suit with all his military medals. I believe he was an old soldier.

From here we drove to the Forest Cemetery, the only one of its kind in Europe, located in the heart of the forest, and all classes excepting Jews are buried there.

The floral decorations and lights were in profusion here, too, but a great many stones were draped with black tulle, and infants with white. An old soldier had just been buried and the band was returning playing the dead march. The men all wore silk hats and their medals, and every man in Munich has a black tie on to-day. The walks all the way were just crowded. I never saw anything like it. We thought the crowd that went to the aerodrome in Johannisthal big, but this was equally as large, and, having the carriage, we did not have the discomfort of the jam. Open cars were running and all motors carried two trailers.

On our return to the city we drove around the King's summer places, and through some of the pretty streets to the hotel, where we dispensed with the guide, as Tom didn't wish to remain out any longer. We were a little surprised to meet a priest going on a sick call with the acolytes ringing the bell and carrying the lighted candles.

Tom is just asking me to go to the dining room, so I feel it is a good sign. He seems better to-day and more like himself. Hope all at home are well. I am extra fine myself and don't know what it is to have my side bother me.

## November 2.

It is Sunday and rather quiet, but another charming day. We have taken it rather easy; in fact, for a few days, on Tom's account. Had a late breakfast and went to the church just opposite the hotel. Then we walked down the main street and saw a large crowd waiting to get into St. Michael's, so we piled in, too, to find a guard of honor on each side of the aisle, and we went two deep down into the Royal Vault, where a higher guard of honor was protecting the remains of King Ludwig II.

The flowers were perfectly grand; in fact, the whole tomb was decorated with palms and boxwood plants.

St. Michael's is another very old edifice, begun in the 15th century as the Church of the Jesuit College. On the front is a bronze statue of St. Michael overcoming Satan, and in one of the transepts is the tomb of Josephine, wife of Napoleon I.

From here we tried to return in time to see the change of guards. On asking a soldier, who happened to speak English, we learned they would be in Residenz Str. We thanked him and it was too funny to see the salute we received. In a minute or two he came back to us and said he would accompany us, and we accepted and went along. We had not gone far until our military friend spied an officer on the other side and it was most amusing to us to see him perform the goose step. And what nonsense! An ordinary soldier certainly has my sympathy. He is saluting all the time. It was such a nice day that crowds of people

were out, and without coats. We saw more furs in Paris than we have seen anywhere since. I am hoping it will keep nice until we get out of Switzerland. The train we had booked for is cancelled, so it means we will have to leave earlier in the day in order to make our destination before dark. Tom has just had a nap for two hours since lunch and he is calling "My dear May and Father, My dear May and Father." He always laughs, as he takes it for granted that is the heading of my letter.

We are going out for another little walk by the way of a finish to our stay in Munich, and it will perhaps help Tom to enjoy dinner.

With kindest remembrance to all our friends and love to yourselves.

Hotel Metropole,  
Lucerne, Switzerland.

### **November 3.**

Well, we are in another country and have had a very uneventful but pleasant day in making it.

We were up when the porter knocked at 6 a.m., even though it was dark, as we were leaving on the 7.25 a.m. train from Munich for Lindau, where we took the Prince Regent at 11.45 to cross the lake to Romanshorn. Had lunch on the boat, and as it was such a perfectly lovely day we were able to sit on deck and enjoy the scenery. It was quite a nice change to have this. The passengers were throwing bread to the big sea birds as they followed us,

and they could catch every piece without letting it go to the water. As usual, the Custom officers were in readiness on our entry, but we were again allowed to pass without the inconvenience of opening baggage. At 1.05 our train left for Zurich, and at 2.40 we had to change again for Lucerne, arriving at 4.50 p.m. The scenery in the different parts varied, and on departing from Zurich would remind one very much of Allandale, with Barrie on the opposite shore, and almost everyone knows how pretty it is. The background here, of course, is much higher.

Just as we were leaving Munich I received two letters, one from Maudie and Mrs. Martin, and a bundle of papers from you, Dollie, Mrs. Martin, and M. D., and they were particularly interesting to-day, as we had the time to glance at all. Thank Margaret for us, as she has been extra good in sending them.

On our arrival I found a letter from you, Carrie, Mrs. Mason, and Miss McPherson waiting for me, and I must try to send even a short note in acknowledgement.

We have just had dinner and it was very good, too. Tom is back to his old style and did justice to everything.

My eyes are a little tired to-night from the sun all day, so will say no more until we return from the mountains to-morrow.



## November 4.

We have been more than delighted with our day sightseeing in Lucerne and surroundings. We were up at 9 and started to sail for Vitznau on the Lake of the Four Cantons, where we took the steam tram up to Mount Rigi, 5,905 feet above the sea, just one hour's climb, so you can imagine the height. The day was perfect, warm enough to sit on deck, both going and returning, and it was clear enough to discern everything, so we were able to appreciate and enjoy all. Tom was feeling so good, and I was delighted to see him take the luncheon with such relish that was waiting for us on arrival at 1.05, at Rigi-Klum, the terminus of the railway. Cook's had already advised the hotel of our intended visit for the day, which really should have been for two or three in order that we might have seen a sunrise and sunset from the mountain top, for they say the valleys and the Alps never appear to their best advantage unless the lakes and mountains are tinged with the gold and crimson of the sun. A little earlier would perhaps be more preferable, as it would be warmer, but then the trees with their dying foliage, depicting death and decay, is not so cheerful as spring or summer with life, but, nevertheless, we could not have had a clearer day.

I really couldn't attempt to describe the grand prospect, words would not express it, but as we go on we are amazed at the natural and artificial beauty of the earth.

Going up in the car we met a Presbyterian minister, Rev. H. G. Jones, of Melbourne, Aus-

tralia, who was interesting and attentive, and was particularly anxious to help me and see that I would not miss any of the white-capped peaks or mountain glaciers. He was continually offering me his glasses. Tom had ours along, and they have been most useful on two or three occasions—the races, the airship, and now the mountains.

We left the mountain at 3.32 p.m., reaching the dock at 4.50, and were back in Lucerne at 5.45. But in the meantime we were told it commenced raining in Lucerne about 3 p.m., and now it is quite misty, so we have decided to leave to-morrow for Milan. Tom is afraid of the dampness. It is strange how chilly he feels in the different temperatures, and I am too warm.

To give you a little idea of Lucerne, I might say it is very centrally located in Switzerland, within easy reach of the mountains, and is practically a metropolis of the traveling public, full of hotels making their living from the tourists.

The enclosed card shows a cut of the Lion of Lucerne, dedicated to the memory of fallen soldiers in 1792. It is rather impressive, showing the wounded lion defending even in death the charge entrusted to him.

The Kursaal is one of the attractions, for promenade, five o'clock tea, and classical concerts. The Cathedral is also very fine, and the station is another rather important place. The town, too, is full of very attractive shops, with all kinds of souvenirs and jewelry.

Many attractive one-day excursions can be

made from Lucerne, and I would love to have had the time to have seen more of this magnificent scenery, rich in associations with the lives of William Tell, Wagner, and Frederick Schiller.

Well, May, I have letters from Dollie and E. McC., which I must try to acknowledge.

I am sorry I won't be home for the alumnae dinner, but I hope you will go.

Continental Hotel, Milan.

### **November 5.**

We have just finished dinner, and if I like Milan as well it will be quite pleasant and agreeable. Our train brought us in about 3.30, after six hours' ride through the most picturesque part of Switzerland, and it was indeed very beautiful, and the construction or engineering of the St. Gothard Railway is a wonder in itself. It must have taken an immense sum of money to build, for there are miles of tunnels, and it took twenty minutes to pass through the longest. After leaving Lucerne we passed quickly through one tunnel after another, sometimes into luxuriant meadows, with their pretty little villas or farm houses, and often charming glimpses of the lake and mountains were to be seen. Many of the places on the way are very interesting for the Canadian tourist, as the inhabitants still retain some of their primitive customs. Then the desolation of some of the small villages embedded between the rocky mountains presents such a contrast. The height of the St. Gothard Pass is 6,866 feet.

Dollie said in one of her letters to Mrs. Dandy, "the folks at home do not believe, or rather cannot realize, the many beautiful things and sights they have seen," and I quite understand no one can until they make the trip. The day was perfect and Tom is feeling so much better I feel quite relieved. It is warmer here and that is what he likes. He had a little puff at the pipe to-night.

We have quite a nice room on the first floor, convenient to lift.

At the present time there is a big celebration in honor of the 100th anniversary of the composer Verdi, and a company of the leading talent is producing the work. Tom has just come to tell me he has tickets for "Aida" to-night, and I am so glad, as this is the only one I was particularly anxious to hear.

I have not any more news for to-night. Will write you more fully to-morrow, telling you of our visit.

Had a very nice letter from E. D. just as we were leaving Lucerne and I must send off a hurried reply.

We had our baggage passed at the Italian border without any bother.

## **November 6.**

We have finished our day of sightseeing in Milan, and it has proved to be much nicer than we expected. One's first impression on arriving at the depot is not so good after leaving all the beautiful and clean stations of Germany. Even at the Italian border we could notice

immediately the change in the conductor's makeup. The porters around the station all wear a blue loose jacket or a kind of slip one might call it.

The production of "Aida" was perfectly wonderful and we enjoyed every minute of the three and a half hours. We were fortunate enough to meet Mr. and Mrs. Clare, a young American couple, who were making a honeymoon trip around the world, who had seats with us, and we were amused at the outburst of "Bravo, Bravo," instead of the clapping of the hands for the applause. The La Scala opera house is very beautiful, and the first gallery contains private boxes all around, something similar to the big Hammerstein house in London, and accommodates 3,600.

Anyone who can make his debut in the Opera House in Milan with success has made his fame, and just now there is the second Caruso singing in this company.

Milan, like a great many other European cities, is very interesting historically, and is really a city of churches and theatres, and is the third city of Italy.

This morning when our guide came we started with the Cathedral, which is right near the hotel, and it is the first church we have seen in which there are no benches, for the reason that they follow the ritual of St. Ambrose and not the Roman, whose belief it was that in praying or speaking to God one should be in a standing position. Benches are too comfortable, perhaps. However, it is so long since its foundation, they may not have been enlightened to

that accommodation, and it has remained the same up to the present time.

The whole of the building is composed of white marble, the architecture entirely Gothic with the exception of the front, is in the shape of a Latin cross, 486 feet long and 288 feet across. The thickness of walls is 8 feet.

The smallest detail is well worthy of attention, and it would take years to be fully satisfied in seeing all. Almost three thousand statues decorate the interior and exterior of the temple. The pavement or the floor is laid in mosaic, composed of different colors. The windows, 500 years old, are superb in color; Confessionals beautifully carved in oak. In front of the High Altar is an opening surrounded by brass railing, which gives light to the sepulchral chapel beneath of St. Charles Boromeo, whose remains are to be seen clothed in his ecclesiastical vestments.

A most magnificent cross of emeralds and diamonds hangs in the middle of this little shrine, the gift of Empress Maria Theresa; in fact, the whole value of the chapel, including the golden crown, pastoral staff, full of precious stones, statues, etc., is estimated at \$300,000.

In the sacristy is an endless quantity of precious things remarkable for their antiquity, and there are two large statues in silver of St. Charles and St. Ambrose, in their pontifical robes.

It just happens that there is a twelve-day celebration in honor of the feast of St. Charles, the patron saint of the province, and the Cathedral is specially decorated for the occasion.

With the exception of St. Peter's, in Rome, it is the most magnificent ecclesiastical structure in Italy. Within it Napoleon was crowned King in 1805.

From here we went to the Palace of Arts and Sciences, formerly the Jesuit castle, and now used for displaying the 700 pictures to be seen. In my humble opinion, the decoration or color of the walls did not suit the place, the light was poor and a very dull grey on the walls did not improve it any. However, while the work displayed is, no doubt, excellent, still there is something about it that does not impress one to linger. One of Raffaello's masterpieces is very conspicuously shown and is worthy of admiration. You will remember I told you we saw one of his in Dresden, "The Madonna." This is the marriage of St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin. I am enclosing a copy and you might keep it for me.

After lunch we started about 2 o'clock and we drove to a very ancient castle, "Sforzesco," built many years ago, and which is used now for displaying precious stones, etc., a sort of museum; and then to the first Christian church, built in 386, where St. Ambrose baptized St. Augustine, and the doors of which St. Ambrose closed against Theodosius. It was interesting to know at that time they had no material for building purposes, and it was not until the Pagan temples were destroyed had they material for the Christian church. The pillars even now show engravings of Pagan gods.

To the old Dominican church or monastery

to see the famous "Last Supper," by Da Vinci, in its refectory.

And to the Amphitheatre, built in 1806 by Napoleon, who was then King of Italy and Emperor of France, and which is used for bicycling, horse racing, pigeon shooting, skating, balloon ascensions, in fact for all sports.

Through the Triumphal Arch to the Park and Cemetery, where we saw the greatest sculpture work. The guide informed us it is the finest in Europe for the purpose for which it is used. There is a very notable cemetery in Genoa, and it remains for us to pass our opinion later. Mr. Hughes, a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Dodd, whom we met, spoke so particularly of the cemetery in Genoa and told us not to miss it.

Only the rich are buried here and, according to the laws or regulations, the estate or friends are compelled to have something in artistic sculpture erected, characteristic of the person, before the expiration of twenty years. Otherwise, through any reduction in circumstances or neglect, this is not done, the bodies are lifted out of these beautiful marble or granite cases—plenty fine enough for anyone; in fact, some Royalty have not any better—and put in a small box on a shelf in the mortuary, with the name very plainly shown on a little square marble piece. The monuments in the Toronto cemeteries are very ordinary in comparison.

Then we went a little further, to the Crematory, and the wagon on which the body is wheeled into the furnace was being cleaned off, and was quite hot. Two had just been cremated.



We saw the three models of furnaces, the first used taking two hours, second 40 minutes, and the new 25 for cremation. The ashes are put in a little wooden or marble box, according to whatever one can afford, and put on a shelf in the large vault. In the burning the fire does not reach the body, just bakes it, and then when the air is allowed in it falls to dust.

Now, I think I have told all we have seen in this city of 600,000 people, perhaps the richest commercially in Italy. The streets in the older part, that is the business section, are very narrow, and traffic sometimes is very much congested.

By the way, there is another thing worthy of mention, the famous arcade, or Galleria di Cristofers, with its brilliant shops and cafes, built many years ago by a prosperous company with the idea of having something exclusive or rather attractive, so that other cities would copy. Naples, however, I believe, is the only one that can boast of such a fine piece of work.

It is really a great rendezvous for certain classes. In the morning it is the musicians; at noon, business people; and in the afternoon the usual 5 o'clock tea crowd, and on account of its gay appearance has often been called "Little Paris."

While driving I saw the gardeners were still busy cutting the grass around the monuments and in the parks. Just think of it, the 6th of November and the men wearing straw hats. And in another part we noticed how busy everyone was decorating for the big Midway Fair, which opens on Sunday.

Did I tell you the style at the opera was wonderful, and there is nothing slow about the Italians. They can smoke the cigarettes with their French neighbors and lavish the perfume and jewels to extreme.

It was so funny last night when we came out of the theatre, just a half-minute or two from the hotel, we walked past the Continental. Every place was dark, and, busily talking, we didn't notice until we thought we had gone too far. However, when we came back we found the big gate of the driveway to the court closed, and we had to ring for the porter. It is customary to close at 12 p.m.

Well, it is getting late again to-night, and Tom is already snoring; this is one thing he is getting the best of me on this trip—sleep. I am usually writing and he has a good start.

We are leaving in the morning for Venice.

We just heard to-day of a terrible head-on collision on the fast express from Marseilles to Paris.

Grand Hotel, Venice.

**November 7.**

We are in Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, having arrived at 2.15 p.m., after seven hours' ride in the train. Cook's man, who was right there to meet us, had our baggage put in the gondola, and we started through the water alleys to the hotel on the Grand Canal. We were soon settled, and have a very pretty room

on the waterfront on first floor with bath, hot and cold water.

We go out with the guide in the morning and then I will be able to give you some descriptive information.

Before dinner we took a little walk up and down the bridges, through the narrow street passages, to St. Mark's Piazza, where there are many shops, filled with precious stones, necklaces, pearls, glassware, painted vases, mosaics, and other Venetian curiosities. For the lady tourist who comes to Venice there are many new sights and observations, and while admiring them in astonishment and wonder, flocks of pigeons come and rest on one's shoulders. I think there were eight that tried to sit on my arm begging for corn, which is sold in specially prepared cornets.

In bygone days the pigeons were used for carrying the mails or messages, and at noon they pulled the bell and at the last ding dong flew to the windows to be fed.

This square, with its antiquated buildings, and the Church of St. Mark, look as if we should have rather an interesting time visiting them to-morrow. Almost at every step one sees scenes reminding them of pictures or drop curtains so often shown with the Italian troupes in vaudeville.

It is getting time to eat and I am hoping there will be something tempting, as I am very hungry. On the train for luncheon the spaghetti was on the bill of fare.

## November 8.

This has been a most satisfactory day with regard to sightseeing, and a nicer day as far as the weather was concerned we could not have had. It was perfectly lovely, just like a June day in Toronto. The guide was an AI person, could speak the English language fluently, as well as four others. He has had a great deal of travel experiences with an Italian duke, who visited Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec: in fact, he crossed the whole of Canada with him. J. Pierpont Morgan was another he traveled with as interpreter in the Eastern countries. We were indeed very fortunate in having him, as he was Venetian born, and knew the place to perfection. As an Italian he was quite the opposite to what I expected, being spotlessly clean, nice looking, and thoroughly well mannered. I was a little surprised to know that his daughter, a young lady about 19 years, dresses in the native style, wearing a fancy shawl over her head. Very few wear hats. One son is an officer with the Italian navy and has a splendid position.

Our morning consisted of visiting the churches, the old palaces, the glass, and lace works.

The Church of St. Mark is of a magnificent Byzantine Oriental design, made of gold and colored mosaics and rich columns of marble.

The Palace of the Doges or Kings is another beautiful and perhaps one of the original palaces in the world. It was erected in 1463, and the irregularity of the windows adds character

of originality. It is now used as an archaeological museum, and still possesses many beautiful decorations. In the hall of the Great Council is a picture by Tintoretto, 70 ft. x 24 ft., a powerful work of beauty for its size and number of figures. Leaving there, we came to the Laguna, with its two immense columns, another valuable piece of work, with the winged lion on top. And further on is a superb clock, which points the hours, the phases of the moon, and during a festival week a figure preceded by an angel comes out and bows to the Madonna on a throne above the dial. The Piazza of St. Mark is really where the Venetian life is spent, the people mingling, according to their class and fancy, for afternoon teas, etc., and the band concerts.

In some parts the streets are so narrow that one is obliged to walk slowly, especially on the way to the fish market. There are 390 canals, or water streets as I would call them.

The Academy of Fine Arts, an ex-monastery, was our next place to visit, and to the Italian or person who understands or knows the history or thoughts of the artist in each picture, many a pleasant and interesting hour could be spent in all these places for the admiration of each. Many date back before the discovery of America. Tiziano, one of the greatest painters of his time, has a wonderful masterpiece, shown in the academy, "The Blessed Virgin Ascending in Heaven."

The Arsenal forms a city by itself, and its entrance is guarded by four huge lions of marble which were taken from Athens by the

Venetians in some victory. It contains models of the men-of-war and an interesting collection of war arms of every time.

We have another day here and prospects look very favorable for nice weather.

There are a number of English-speaking people waiting for the sailing of a large steamer for the East. Beside me is an old lady trying to tell me of her experience in taking aspirin, so I will not be able to write any more to-night.

### **November 9.**

Our visit to Venice will soon be at an end; in fact, it is as far as any further sightseeing is concerned. We finished with the guide about 5 p.m., and were more than satisfied. But I will be glad to leave, as the mosquitoes are terrible and I have not been able to sleep.

The hotel is very fine and nice, being at one time a palace of some noble family, and has since been converted into a hotel along with the three adjoining buildings. It is situated on the Grand Canal, and when going to the station you enter the gondola at the front entrance.

Venice is really a collection of islands, connected with a great many bridges, and built on 80,000 stakes of filled in land, and the only city where cremation is compulsory. There are numerous and frequent gondolas, giving a service till late at night, and the rear of the houses or apartments of the poorer classes usually faces the water alleys. The Grand Canal is the prin-

cipal roadway and is constructed in the shape of a big S. This is, no doubt, the only place in the world that exists without an auto or a horse. If I remember rightly, motors are forbidden to enter Mackinaw, but they have plenty of horses. There are neither here, and I was surprised to find all the gondolas painted black. I had imagined they were usually painted very conspicuously in gay colors.

The churches and palaces are numerous, there being thirty or more of the former, beautifully decorated and adorned with the finest of sculpture work.

We took advantage of this perfectly lovely day, after mass in St. Mark's, by going out in the gondola. In the afternoon we took the ferry to Lido, the most fashionable bathing and summer resort of the vicinity. The two large hotels are beautifully situated overlooking the Adriatic, and everything imaginable is to be had for the entertainment and comfort of the guests. The sea, which was so perfectly calm, looked lovely, and the big steamer that has been in the harbor for several days will have a pleasant beginning to its voyage to Egypt. Tom and I both felt very much like going, as there were so many starting from the Grand. I still notice that the Atlantic steamers are experiencing rough passages, the *Lusitania* encountering waves 50 feet high, and the big new *Imperator* late in docking on account of the hurricane. I hope it will all be over before we sail.

The gondolas, with their fancy lights and street singers, are at the front of the hotel, giv-

ing the evening concert for the collection of small change, and some of them have rather nice voices.

We are leaving to-morrow for Florence along with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of California. They occupy the room next to us and we have been amused, on retiring, to hear his heavy bass voice say "Good night, dearie, I will see you in the morning." They have had the pleasure of an airship ride in Berlin at the cost of \$50, and he would not sacrifice the experience for twice fifty. Tom and he have been enjoying a cigar together, and I am so glad Tom is feeling so good. He was real miserable for three weeks, but he is back to his old game of teasing. For instance, at dinner to-night some ladies were making a fuss about a mouse, and when all was quiet and the mouse forgotten, Tom touched me gently with his toe and I gave such a jump, thinking it was the little rascal, I almost upset the table. Everyone in the dining room certainly enjoyed the joke. It is just like something he would do.

I received a letter from Mrs. Fairbairn this evening, also a bundle of papers from Margaret.

Well, as I have to get our baggage together, will say farewell until another day.

Hotel Florence Washington, Florence.  
**November 10.**

Yesterday I had a newsy letter from Maudie, and she is evidently worrying that I would not be able to eat in Italy. She



has been wrongly informed, as we have had one of the best meals in this hotel, and anyone who had any fault to find must have been eating in some inexpensive restaurant, such as you find in all cities. For instance, for dinner last night we had soup, turkey, small onions and chestnuts, which are so often served with the meat course; hare or rabbit, ice cream, lettuce salad, and finished with grapes, apples, pears and figs. Could you want any more or better?

It is grand, just like June, and the English people are coming in large numbers to spend the weeks intervening between now and Christmas. Yesterday was the birthday of the King of Italy, and the anniversary of some great battle long ago in which the Italians were victorious, and there were great doings. A military review took place in the park and avenue, which reminded us so much of Queen's Avenue. The inspection was by the general of the Italian army, and he could well afford to be proud of his men in command, as we considered it one of the finest sights we have ever seen in regimental uniforms—5,000 men, 1,000 horses, and a corps on bicycles. The horses were grand and so well trained, just pranced to the music. In fact, the atmosphere was so full of music it was really hard to keep quiet. It seemed to instill within us a military or soldierly feeling and we felt like marching. The discipline, too, was very noticeable. For instance, when the spectators were told to keep in line they did so, and did not rush out as soon as the officer passed. When the

company of the regiment came along that had just returned from Libya (I think that is the name), carrying the remnants of the flag in the struggle with the Turks, great respect was shown. Every hat was raised, officers and soldiers saluted, and great cheering and clapping was to be heard all along the line.

The officers were neatly dressed in navy blue coat, light blue trousers, and sash, red stripe, brass buttons, and all presented a very fine effect with shining swords in the sunshine.

And later on in the afternoon, from 5 to 6, we listened to the six massed bands playing in the square, and enjoyed "Aida" again. Just think how nice it is to be able to sit out in the open on the 11th of November, to hear the band concert. In fact, it is so warm to-day I had to put on my moire suit instead of the heavy one.

I am sorry I haven't time to write any more, as we are leaving in a little while for Rome. It is now 12.15 and I have to take lunch.

Will tell you more of our visit later on. Hoping you are well and with love.

Grand Continental Hotel, Rome.  
**November 12.**

Since leaving Venice on Monday I have not had much time for writing.

We were up early, had breakfast and completed arrangements for leaving, arrived in the gondola at the depot in good time for our train departure at 10.15 a.m. Riding through some

very picturesque but rough country, we came to Florence at 5.15, to find the weather good and an extra fine dinner waiting for us.

We had a very nice room overlooking the river or canal, and with its string of lights all along made it very effective. It was so warm we had to sleep with the window doors leading to the balcony open all night. There were no mosquitoes, fortunately, and I rested comfortably. Our visit in Florence was very pleasant and we enjoyed every minute of it, and the guide, who was so good and gentlemanly, did everything to make it so. In every case the carriage and guide is for us exclusively. No one else is allowed to make use of him, and he always drives with us, pointing out the smallest detail of interest, so that we feel sure that we have missed very little. It is much ahead of party traveling, and we have become now so accustomed to him that Tom calls him his aide-de-camp, for he always carries my coat and gives us the most agreeable attention.

I received eleven letters in Florence, including three from you, two from Dollie, three from E. McC., two from Mrs. Martin, one each from Maudie, E. D. and Ollie, all of which we thoroughly enjoyed, and your papers with a card from Mamie Dickson are being fully appreciated by Tom.

We met Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Fleming, of Flint, Michigan, and Mr. Fleming is on his eleventh trip to Italy, and this one his honeymoon. Is it not strange when and where people meet. He told us he knew Brother Columbia, of Notre Dame, Indiana, and his mother was

one of the first to contribute to the "Ave Maria." We also met Capt. Pratt, of the U. S. Cavalry, who was traveling south with his mother to Naples, from where they sail for New York. They were very jolly and we enjoyed the train ride with them. Time passes so quickly with interesting company. On coming into the dining room to-night we met Dr. and Mrs. Pelletier, and they were so pleased to see us again. The doctor is a Canadian, but Mrs. Pelletier an American.

We found Florence very interesting and very prettily situated in a valley surrounded by hills, forming a beautiful landscape. It has some 250,000 inhabitants, and is the home and birthplace of many well known artists and sculptors, and even to-day it is crowded with people of renowned art, and the little workshops in the narrow streets are busy producing copies of ancient antiquity for sale in the numerous small shops.

The Art Gallery is filled with a priceless collection and affords unlimited resources to those interested. Mementos of great men, such as Dante, Michael Angelo, and the Medici family, are found all through the city. In the afternoon we drove to the Michael Angelo Terrace, where a fine view of the city and surrounding country is to be seen. On our way up an old man, bent over with age, was begging for coppers, and the guide told us he had already been arrested several times and even served a term for this offence, as he is well off and owns good business property. In Paris we met another

beggar of the same type, but he traveled in a little wheeled cart.

We then drove to the Cathedral, which is very attractive for its beautifully engraved bronze doors; the Church of Santa Croce, containing the tomb of Michael Angelo and other distinguished men.

We also visited the mosaic factory, and before dinner I took a walk to look at some of the shop windows.

### **November 13.**

Have just come in after finishing with the guide our first day in Rome and I almost feel brain-fagged from the enormity of sights to be seen. Rome has more to show the tourist than all the rest of the world, and its buildings are of every age, going back, not only to the dawn of Christianity, but to the dawn of Rome itself.

In the fifth century began the Byzantine architecture, for instance, S. Maria Maggiore, and then in the 15th came Renaissance, rich in sculpture, and in the 16th the love of the immense, and it was in this era that new St. Peter's and the other enormous domed churches were built.

There are also many attractions for every diversity of taste, but for the Catholic Rome is really the citadel of God's kingdom on earth, and for this reason it is their pleasure to do homage to the Vicar of Christ. The hallowed associations and veneration which linger around the spot on earth chosen by God cannot

be to others what it is to those who come as pilgrims.

It is quite true more has been written of Rome than any other place in the world, but I should never end if I were to tell you of all the monuments, churches, both pagan and Christian antiquity, that make it the most precious city of the Old World. It would take volumes alone for a detail of the Vatican treasures, and every church, palace, etc., has its priceless works of art.

We first went to St. Peter's, the queen of churches, and when the heavy leather curtains that hang in the doorway were thrown aside for us to enter I was struck with astonishment at the architecture, sculpture and painting, done by the mightiest geniuses the world has ever seen.

The Vatican is a world in itself, and it would take many visits to form a proper idea of its immensity. Its collections of palaces, museums, libraries, treasures of art, etc., are wonderful, and the Louvre and Versailles could not compare with it.

It also contains many chapels, and the Sistine Chapel, which is used for occasional papal ceremonies, was closed to visitors, as preparations were being made for the anniversary of the coronation of the present Pope.

We then drove to St. John Lateran, the Pope's Cathedral, which ranks first in dignity, and takes precedence over St. Peter's, as all Popes up to 1870 were crowned and solemnly proclaimed the Holy Father. This service is, however, no longer performed outside the Vat-

ican, and the Pope is confined entirely to the precincts of his palace since that time.

The high altar, the Papal altar, at which the Pope alone may say mass, has a splendid canopy, and in a recess above is preserved the sacred table of the Last Supper, on which our Divine Lord instituted the Blessed Sacrament. Many Popes are buried there.

Very close to the Lateran palace is a sanctuary in charge of the Passionist Order, containing the Scala Santa, or the Holy Stairs, consisting of 28 or 30 marble steps, taken from the house of Pilate, and ascended and descended by our Blessed Lord. St. Helen, mother of Constantine, had them brought from Jerusalem, and they have been given great reverence for a long time.

About 5.30 p.m. we went to the Canadian College and were fortunate enough to find Rev. John Cruise at home. We spent an hour and a half very pleasantly with him, and he asked us to return on Saturday and he would tell us when we could have an audience with His Holiness.

The soldiers of the American or U. S. fleet, had an audience yesterday, and there is to be a special ceremony on Sunday.

We are fortunate enough to have another beautiful room, and the meals so far are first class. Of course, this is a very good time to be in Italy. The weather is perfect, just beautiful, and the flower beds of 'mums and salvia are as pretty as anything in June. The streets are very crowded.

There were two or three pilgrimages visit-

ing the churches to-day and it was interesting to see the different costumes of the peasants.

I have just received your letter of the 31st ult., which has taken 13 days to reach me. Letters came also from Nellie Coulson and Miss R. McVey. I think Mr. Brick's disposition of property very nice. It showed his appreciation for his family and a very nice spirit and compliment to his first wife.

Tom is calling me for dinner. Hope you are keeping well.

### **November 15.**

While waiting for the guide, after breakfast seems to be my time for writing, and is therefore usually very limited; in fact, I find Rome too much for me to express myself.

There is an old donkey, hitched to a two-wheeled cart, standing on the depot side of the hotel, and about 5.30 in the morning he makes the most awful noise braying. At first I was quite startled, and got up just in time to see him stretching his neck for more force. I felt like throwing something at it. He has done this every morning, and I will never forget the Roman donkey.

Received four packages of papers yesterday which have followed us from Milan and Venice from M. D., Ollie, and two from you.

We intended going to Tivoli this morning, but as the sky is very heavy and forecasts rain, we may arrange it for another day.



We had a busy day yesterday, and at the finish I was very sleepy and went to bed at 9 o'clock, the earliest I have even attempted for a long time, but a good sleep occasionally helps a lot. It is tiresome climbing stairs, and some days we get so much of it.

We called to see Brother Columbia's friend, Rev. Mr. Marshall, who is studying for the priesthood here, and whom we found exceptionally nice, and he will be very sorry if we do not allow him to show us around. Tom and he enjoyed a cigar together as his hospitality and we arranged to spend part of a day with him.

The soldiers of the American navy are everywhere, and with so many stopping here it has turned the hotel into a little American colony. They are all such nice young men, and Tom is quite at home with them. He is tired of the foreign language. Capt. Pratt and his mother, with a few others who have been traveling right along with us, are sailing on the Berlin from Naples on the 18th. We may be down there in time to see them off.

Quite a scandal has been committed in the U. S. battleship harbouring at Marseilles.

The soldiers, about 400, who were to visit France and come on to Rome for an audience with the Pope, gave their money to the chaplain, Father Ranny (I think that is the name), and in turn he entrusted it to an Italian, who was to have a special train for them, and he has skipped off with the money. Rev. Mr. Marshall told us this when visiting him, and I have read it again in the N. Y. Paris Herald.

Tom thinks it quite a joke because I received

a letter from the Roman Society for the Protection of Animals from Cruelty.

Will have to go. Will finish later. It is almost 9.30.

### **Saturday, Nov. 15.**

We have just had lunch and I can't help wondering, as I read Maudie's letter, where she got the idea that I would not be able to eat in Rome. The meals and weather are all we could desire, and we are getting the most luscious fruit at every meal. As a rule the Italian chefs, in fact, all over Europe, cook the vegetables, celery included, but if one tells the waiter or the man in charge not to cook your share you can have it served as you desire. The menus are put in a conspicuous place, so that one has a fair idea of what is on for luncheon or dinner. Speaking of the water, I may say we have been drinking it all along, and I much prefer it to the Italian wines. As far as I can see, it is a mistaken idea with tourists. We have liked it everywhere, and particularly in Rome, and in Venice it was excellent.

We did not go to Tivoli on account of the weather, very fortunately, for just after we started out a heavy shower fell, but it only lasted about five minutes, and since then it has been beautiful.

We drove out to the Church of the Three Fountains, where St. Paul suffered martyrdom, and when the head of the Apostle was severed

it is said to have made three leaps or bounds, and a fountain of clear water sprang up.

The Trappist monks have a monastery there, as well as a plantation of eucalyptus, and they make chocolate and a liqueur called Eucalyptine, and all tourists usually take a small glass. I can tell you I felt mine burning or stinging all the way down. The church is very interesting from the age standpoint, having been built many centuries ago, and gives one an idea of the early churches.

Since commencing to write I have received some more letters, two from Mrs. Martin, E. McC., Mrs. Williams, Miss McPherson, and a bundle of papers from M. D., and as I have spent a great deal of time perusing them it is time to go with the guide.

## **November 15.**

We have had a beautiful afternoon, visiting more of the churches, including St. Sebastine, an hour's drive along the Appian Way, which we found full of interest and has been a place of pilgrimage for a long time. We also went to the Catacombs, or, rather, the subterranean city of Italy, but to me it was a weird sensation when we descended into the darkness with a lighted taper and a very few moments was enough. There are a great many around Rome and those usually visited are St. Calixtus, St. Domitilla, and St. Agnes. In principle most of them are similar, and unique

with underground passages with chapels opening off them. The Christians were not only buried, but lived in them in the years of persecution, when the tyrants who swayed the destinies of Rome resorted to every means of cruelty to stamp out Christianity. In the walls are recesses of five or six feet long, arranged in three or four tiers, and they contain frescoes of saints and martyrs, and even bones very much perished. The ancient Romans always built their tombs outside the city on the principal roads, and that is why the Via Appian, being the chief, was so much favored; and multitudes of holy pilgrims rejoice in the vision of God having passed this way.

Then to St. Paul's, which, outside the walls, is the third in rank of the great Roman basilicas. Its style is simple and extremely majestic, but its marbles are superb.

St. Maria Maggiore, which is only a few minutes' walk from the hotel, in the heart of the city, still retains its antiquity, and the feast of the miraculous snowfall is commemorated every year on August 5th by a shower of white leaves from the dome during high mass.

We also visited St. Croce, one of the seven basilicas, to which the great indulgences are attached, and which was founded by St. Helen, mother of Constantine, the first Christian Empress.

And the Coliseum, an immense ruin, full of wild flowers, grass or weeds, is, as every part of Rome, sacred because it has been reddened with the blood of martyrs, and for this reason it is especially holy. And in wandering

through it is hard to imagine a Roman holiday being spent in having so many shed their blood and in wild excitement yell "The Christians to the lions." What a horrible spectacle it must have been! We saw the dens where the animals were kept and the cells where the good martyrs remained in prayer to give up their lives so heroically for the faith they dearly loved.

Quite near the Colosseum are the remains of the triumphal arch of Constantine, which was raised to his commemoration for some victory.

The Pantheon comes, too, in its place of importance, and is practically perfect. It is circular in form, and its dome, the model of the greatest in the world, is open through to the sky, and the entrance is made through an elaborate porch. It is no longer the Church of St. Mary of Martyrs, to whom it was dedicated, but used as a mausoleum for Royalty.

The number of sarcophagus in all the churches, in fact throughout Europe, is remarkable, and the tomb of Cardinal Newman, by Girardon, in Paris, is particularly handsome.

We finished our afternoon by calling again to see Father Cruise, as requested, but he was out and had not returned at 7 p.m., when we left for the hotel. We met Father Leo O'Reilly, of Toronto, who is studying for some degree, and we spent a very pleasant hour with him, while he interested us with his experiences to the Holy Land in the summer.

**Monday, Nov. 15, 10 p.m.**

It is just now I have been able to make an attempt to finish this letter. We were very busy Sunday, and, being at Tivoli all day, I didn't get a chance of writing.

On Sunday we went to mass to St. Mary Maggiori and from there to the Canadian College, where we spent the remainder of the morning with Fathers Cruise and O'Reilly. By the way, I forgot to tell you we met the Rev. Father Perrin, the Superior, a Canadian from Montreal, to whom Father Kelly had very kindly sent us a letter of introduction before leaving home.

In the afternoon we drove to Via Cappuccini, where Rev. Father Marshall is living, and he came out with us to visit some of the smaller churches.

We had a most glorious day at Tivoli, and, having four U. S. naval officers with two guides, I received heaps of attention and had a beautiful bouquet of roses to bring home to dinner.

We left Rome at 9.30 by steam car arriving at Tivoli about 11 a.m., where two carriages were waiting for us, and drove to Villa d'Este, the palace of Cardinal d'Este, built in the year 1500, but now owned by the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Austria. Of course, it is practically a ruin, but the gardens are wonderfully beautiful. Terrace after terrace rises from the lower part up to the huge palace, whose severe simplicity of design presents an admirable contrast to the elaborate gardens, and had they been in their original state of preservation they would, I believe, have been

the nicest we have seen. The grape vines, too, are extraordinary, and the chief products of Tivoli are wine and olive oil. We then drove around this interesting old town to the opposite side, to view the waterfalls amidst the beautiful scenery, a very paradise for artists or lovers of natural art, and to breathe up an appetite for the luncheon that was being prepared for us at the Restaurant des Cascades.

We were ready to start again about 2 p.m., for Villa Adriana, a wilderness of vast ruins covering an area of nine miles, which resembles the remains of a town rather than a palace. I mean the immensity of the place. It was commenced in the year 125 and took eleven years to build. It is now the largest ruins in the world, and it is impossible to see all in one day, but we could easily trace out the former glory of its magnificence. The Vatican contains 11,000 rooms, so we were told, but it could not compare with Villa Adriana. It took us over two hours to see only a piece of it, including, as it did, a Greek theatre, race course, swimming bath, library, a chapel, and a court with a colonnade of 68 columns. Remnants of mosaic floors of different designs in every room are perfectly wonderful, and show how artistic they must have been.

An immense supply of the famous antique statuary in the Vatican was taken from here; also the Venus of Medici in Florence. It was an awful pity to see it so destroyed, but the people of Tivoli were compelled to bring it to destruction to prevent invading armies taking protection.

Frascati is another pretty place of many attractions, natural, religious, artistic and historical, which Father Cruise is anxious for us to see, and I hope we may.

We arrived home about 6 p.m., had dinner, and as the tickets had not come for our audience, we went again to the Canadian College. Although it is only a short distance, walking with high slippers over the roadway made up of small stones 4x4 is not very pleasant, so we took a livery. As we had already made four visits to the college we knew exactly the distance and direction, but the driver, thinking we were green, tried to make a long drive out of it. When we told him he was not taking us properly, he hesitated, and enquired from another driver, so we got out and left him, paying him just what was registered on the meter.

We had another nice visit with Fathers Cruise and O'Reilly until the bell rang for evening prayer, when we returned to the hotel in time to find the messenger waiting with the tickets.

Father Cruise laughed when we told him we had been to Tivoli. He thinks we have seen more than the average sightseer, and we have not done it hurriedly. He motored out last February with Mr. J. Melady, of Toronto, and enjoyed it so much and considers it the nicest place within the vicinity of Rome.

And, by the way, on our return we met Miss Pope, the young lady from Columbus, Ohio, whose acquaintance we made in Dresden. She had come over from Vienna with a bunch of Americans to do up Rome, Pisa, and several



other places, and she was particularly anxious to have us remain until Friday, so she could accompany us to Naples. But no persuasion on my part could induce Tom to do this. He wants no party.

It is perfectly delightful here, the weather is so grand, and I hate to hear of the cold so soon, but I suppose it is time for it now in Canada.

### **November 18.**

This has been another busy day with us, and the crowning of our trip has been accomplished. We had an audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius X this morning, and we were so sorry to see how feeble he is. Clothed in cream surtout and red shoes he passed through the three rooms, where 150 or more people knelt to receive his blessing. He has a very fresh but lovely face and wore his ring and a large emerald cross attached to gold chain around his neck. He paid attention to the children, and spoke to one young boy, 15 or 16 years of age, wearing the habit of some religious order. Noble guards of honor accompanied him as he passed through.

The ladies wore the regulation black veil and costume and the men evening dress.

After lunch, just as we were starting for Frascati, we received some mail, including one from Dollie, Car, Em, Mrs. Crossin, and Mrs. Shaw, who asked us to do some shopping for her at the Trappist Monastery, so we can-

called our arrangement and drove there, taking us about three hours to make the return trip.

I am waiting patiently for dinner. For some reason I am very hungry. So much driving in the fresh air gives me a big appetite. An American lady who has been sitting near me asked if I am always as healthy as I look. I think it must be on account of the sallow or dark complexion of the Italians that prompted her to enquire. There is not much doing here after dark except addressing postals or writing, etc., to save the daylight for sightseeing. Public entertainments are dull and there is no boulevard life.

We are both very sorry to leave, and during our stay in Rome, the cradle of Christianity, we have tried to live in spirit with the saints, have visited their rooms, cells or tombs, prayed at their shrines, remembering all our friends, and we have to leave with regret, envying those whose prerogative it is to have a more extended visit. We even threw pennies in the Fountain of Trevi, with the hope that it would not be long before we would return again. There are so many beautiful sights that the brain, at least mine, could not always accept when the eye reported them. So splendid are the collections in the Vatican alone that one can never forget a visit there, and the temples of Vesta, Fortuna Virilis, Mamertine prison, the Quirinal, Caesar's palace, the Arch of Titus, the Castle of St. Angelo are full of memories that give Rome the most lovable personality.

Hotel Royal, Naples.

**November 19.**

Well, we arrived here about 2.30, leaving Rome 10 a.m. Had lunch on the train, with the usual course of spaghetti, which we have to pass up. Tom can't even look at the people eating it. It is rather amusing, as there is quite an art in getting it away nicely.

Our room, according to our arrangement, is on the front facing the Bay of Naples, a beautiful outlook, and the sunset to-night was well worth seeing.

After arriving we called at Cook's office, and the guide will come for us at 8 a.m. From there we went in to the Victoria Gallery, a circular arcade filled with pretty shops of valuable souvenirs, such as cameos, shells, etc. Afternoon tea or other refreshments were being served at the small tables while the orchestra played.

Later, while in the park, we met two men off the "Wyoming," which is in port, who go on duty to-morrow. They have ten days for sightseeing, each man having the same. The four officers we had with us to Tivoli do not go aboard until the 1st of December, when they sail, and it will take about fourteen days to return to New York. They travel rather slowly, so as to save the coal. Tom has promised Officer Alvis that we will visit the navy yard on our return and make a tour of the "Utah."

We were both very sorry to leave Rome, having enjoyed it so much, but I must say I am not

altogether in love with some of the people. They are so indolent and dirty, and have no feeling or sentiment, as the poor donkeys are abused most terribly with heavy loads. For instance, at Tivoli we saw one little donkey with man and woman sitting on its back and an arrangement across it with a barrel on each side, one which contained a child and the other vegetables. I am not at all surprised at the idea of the society for the protection of animals. But I think the greatest trouble of the Italians is they have no organization. This I have noticed repeatedly; even in church there is no regularity; some are coming, going, standing and kneeling, all in opposition.

We have just been informed dinner is not served until 7.30, and it is certainly an awful blow to me. When afternoon tea is omitted it is a long time to wait.

Your bundle of papers of the 4th and 5th has been handed to Tom, but no mail.

In one of my letters I said possibly we might make the Mauretania, which sails on the 6th, but now Tom is feeling so well we have decided not to alter our plans, and will take the Lusitania, in the hope that we may be home in time for Christmas.

Hotel Cappuccini Convent, Amalfi.  
**November 20.**

Received your two letters in the large envelope mailed on the 6th as we were leaving Naples this morning.

As I told you, we were up early to meet the

guide with the carriage at 8 a.m. to get the train from the main depot, which left at 8.45, arriving at La Cava at 10.35, about twenty minutes late.

La Cava is beautifully situated in a deep valley, and is a favorite health resort of the Neapolitans. The famous Benedictine Abbey is situated on one of the hills. A carriage was waiting our arrival, and we drove 20 miles to Amalfi, on a narrow roadway at the edge of the mountains which border the Gulf of Salerno. It was beautiful, and it being such a perfect day we could see as far as the sight could carry, and I don't believe I ever saw the sky and water in such a pretty shade of blue, with just a small cluster of clouds throwing its shadow. This is a very famous drive, for tourists, and at 1.30 we had lunch at the Hotel Marine Riviere, and in the register Captain A. E. Hassock on the 17th July wrote: "The first view of Amalfi, going thither from Paestum, from the top of the hill, is the most beautiful I have seen in all my travels, and I have seen very much. Go slowly. Take a carriage rather than a motor; you may not pass this way again."

Then we took a little side trip to Ravello, which is situated high above Amalfi and reached by a steep ascent taking two hours. This little village in the 13th century had as many as 30 churches and many monasteries. The Cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Pantaleoni, is a remarkable specimen of architecture, and the marble pulpit inlaid with mosaics attracts great attention. We went into the gar-

den of the hotel to admire the surrounding scenery, but the height was too much for Tom, he could not even take a tiny glimpse.

It was just getting dusk when we arrived at Amalfi and ascended the 200 steps to the Hotel Cappuccini, an old monastery, built in 600, which is famous for its beautiful location. There were attendants with wicker chairs to carry us up, but Tom refused to trust his weight to the little old bent-over Italians. It is very unique as a health resort, about 500 feet above the sea, and it was under the monks' embowered walk or grape arbor that Longfellow had his inspiration for Amalfi, and wrote:

This is an enchanted land!  
Round the headlands far away  
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay,  
With its sickle of white sand:  
Further still and furthest  
On the dim discovered coast  
Paestum with its ruins lies,  
And its roses all in bloom  
Seem to tinge the fatal skies  
Of that lonely land of doom.

This is on some of the stationery, otherwise I could never have written it for you.

I love it here, and we have the cutest little room, with sitting room adjoining, balcony, and all conveniences; two little beds done in gold brocaded silk; candle and lamp light. The dining room, the monks' refectory, is still being used, but it is not so pleasant, as the walls and floor are of stone and it is somewhat cool and bare. The little chapel is very nice and is

used for mass on Sundays only. The monks have been away from here since 1870, when the Pope and the King of Italy separated, and the monastery is now used as a resort for tourists, who usually come in January, February, March, April, and even May, the busiest months. From September to November there are not so many, but enough to make it interesting.

One American couple we met have been coming here for a number of years.

In the country the families are very crude, and all they know is work, sleep and eat. But when you consider they have cultivated and terraced lemon and orange groves right to the top of the mountains, with grape vines, olives and fig trees, they are not brainless or lazy by any means. But the homes are awful, just have a big room, and the houses are usually made in a big rock or on the top. A great many have the primitive means of conveyance, the poor donkey, while others are seen carrying a load on their back. Some women or young girls were bent over carrying shrubbery to cover the fruit to protect it from any cool snap.

A peculiar thing we saw this morning in Naples was a man or shepherd with 20 or 25 goats, calling at the houses to give the supply of milk. Each goat knew so well to follow the man, just as you say Puppins wants to go up the ladder with Father.

Well, May, it is now after 10.30 and I am getting sleepy, having had so much fresh air and up early. I hope Margaret is better and I think she should be refused any more candies.

## Friday, Nov. 21.

We are waiting for the carriage. It was ordered for 10 a.m., but as we were up early enough to see the sunrise, and since Tom has done a little more exploring, he is particularly anxious to start. While I was dressing he strolled out to see the surroundings, and when he caught sight of the immense rock overhanging part of the hotel, he came rushing in breathlessly to me, "My God, Lillie, I have a headache in my stomach, and I never would have slept here had I known how dangerous looking this place is." It was such a shock and surprise, as he thought when going to bed it would be very romantic if there was no landslide. However, it has been built some years now and I don't think anything has ever happened.

The carriage and guide are here, so will finish later.

## 1.30 p.m. /

We are now at Hotel Marguerita, half-way between Amalfi and Sorrento, and have come ten miles already. This morning is more beautiful than yesterday, and it is beyond me to describe it. It is perfectly grand. The Gap of Dunloe, the Trossachs, and the Alps are all beautiful, but they don't compare with this drive. To me Italy has a great deal more natural scenery to show to the tourist, as well as the finest artistic work.

The town of Amalfi, once very prosperous, has fallen off in commerce, and is now only interesting for its picturesque situation on the



Gulf of Salerno. Its Cathedral, in which the bones of St. Andrew repose since one of the early centuries, is very fine. The heavy bronze doors, made in Constantinople, are wonderful.

Amalfi is also remarkable for the fact that the first marine compass was made there, and in the time of its prosperity laws governing the seas were also made.

Our luncheon, which consisted of sardines, fresh tomatoes, celery and onions, omelette, potatoes, brown and white bread, with butter and fruit, was very nice.

It is very warm, and I feel it might be a repetition of the packing days at the McCarron House.

We are both very sunburnt.

The people at Hotel Marguerita are busy planting their potatoes, and the gardens are already in and growing for this season.

Picking the oranges off the trees to eat is another luxury we never had before.

The carriage has arrived and we are ready to start, and the children are turning hand-springs for coppers.

Hotel Victoria, Sorrento.

### **November 21.**

We finished our drive to Sorrento through some very rough parts. Leaving the Gulf of Salerno where it opened into the Mediterranean, we crossed the country through the most beautiful orange, lemon, fig and olive groves, with their handsome villas. These are mostly owned by wealthy foreigners who spend so many months of the year in this lovely cli-

mate. The guide pulled two small century plants for me, which grow so thickly on the roadway and makes a very nice hedge.

Sorrento is a very charming little town, situated on the Bay of Naples; has many pleasant walks, and contains a large silk and fine wood work industry. In the principal store, where I purchased a silk waist and sweater, we saw a piece of work which took five years to complete that is going to the Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. It was a combination of lady's dresser, writing table, etc. It was a marvelous construction.

We are comfortably fixed up and our room faces the bay, with Vesuvius in the distance, and, as usual, we enjoyed a good dinner to-night.

Splendid Hotel, Capri.

### **November 22.**

It is so warm I am nearly baked, and it must be unbearable any earlier, and Tom was saying it was awful to think of shoveling snow in a little while at Roxboro.

On leaving Sorrento we had to take the boat bus out to the large steamer, and it was something new for us to see all the hotels represented with a porter, with the usual cap and name of hotel, calling his house for tourists.

We arrived at Capri at 12.15, after visiting the Blue Grotto. Tom became very nervous and he could not descend to the small boat, which is the only means of reaching the Grotto, and he remained on the steamer while

I went with the guide, and on my return I felt sorry to see his tears of gladness. The entrance to the Grotto is only large enough for a small boat, but the cavity in the rock measures about 60 ft. across and 10 ft. high.

All the passengers made the visit to the Grotto to see the water as blue as any washing blue, and when I put my hand in it looked like silver. When taken aboard we returned to Marina Grande, and it was very much against Tom's feelings to get in the little boat to make the landing.

However, on our arrival to the height the guide ordered a special lunch for us, which we enjoyed so much at Splendid Hotel. I am enclosing a postal showing you how lovely it is, with its unique situation so the sunrise and sunset can be seen from any point.

There is a wedding being celebrated, and the guests are apparently enjoying the dancing and singing.

Capri is an island and was once colonized by the Greeks, and later the Romans. It is very fertile, and grows many lemon and orange trees. On a high point is Anacapri. The remains of an old castle are there, but Tom refused to go to any more high places, so we drove down to the small boat, where hundreds of Italian women were trying to sell souvenirs, and particularly corals.

Rome.

**Sunday, 9.30 p.m.**

About 3.30 the steamer started for Naples, and Tom was delighted when he stepped out of the boat bus again on the promenade in front of the hotel in Naples. We finished our day by walking up to the Grand Hotel for a letter which E. McC. had addressed there instead of the Royal.

Enjoyed a fine dinner, afterwards watched the guests arrive for the bridal reception or "at home" that was given in the hotel.

The street singers, too, were very numerous and some rather good.

We commenced our sightseeing, after going to an early mass, by driving through the slums, and it certainly is awful. I would much rather not have seen them, but Tom was anxious. The people just live, eat, wash, cook, and do every thing right on the street. Animals will keep themselves clean, but these people are positively dirty.

Then we went into the Cathedral and finished with the Art Gallery, but as I did not like the odor I felt I had seen enough art and could get along nicely without the Neapolitan collection.

As there was a big change after 11 o'clock, threatening rain, we decided hurriedly to leave for Rome, and cancelled the arrangements for Pompeii and Vesuvius. I was glad to find cards waiting from Ella Mahoney, J. Gilooly, and letters from E. Deacon and Mrs. Graham.

'Phone and thank them for me.

We have just made our final call on Rev. Father Marshall, but were disappointed to find he had retired early.

The air is heavy and rather warm, and it tried to rain about 7, but it has not succeeded very much.

There was a big wedding at the Royal in Naples, and while we saw heaps of filth and dirt when driving, there was great style, and nothing, not even the guests in McConkey's, ever looked nicer. There must have been twelve weddings this morning, and the guide we had is to be married next Saturday, and we thought it a big joke when he asked us to be his guests.

We met an American party, who have been on the Continent since May touring in a motor, and were very much interested in their experiences of climbing hills. They carry six tires with them.

Will have a long train ride to-morrow, from 10 to 7, and it will be our first day homeward, Rome to Genoa. I must get into bed as I am sleepy and tired writing.

The Continental is almost filled, a great many having arrived in the last few days. At Capri and Sorrento the guests were beginning to come for the winter.

Grand Hotel, Genoa.

**November 24.**

We made a very good move in arranging to leave Rome, for after breakfast it began to rain, and for an hour or so it just poured, and,

judging from the appearance of the country, it had rained very heavily during the thunder storm in the night. Even the fields were covered with little pools of water.

We left Rome at 10.05 a.m., arriving at Genoa at 8.20, after a pleasant train ride through nice country. In some parts there were hundreds of horses, sheep, and Roman cattle of a dark grey breed with immense horns. It was the best farming country in Italy we have seen, while on the other side we had the Mediterranean for a long way, and passed through Pisa, where the famous oblique tower is built. It is so pronounced one can see it from the train. Miss Pope visited Pisa and she had already told us about it.

Further on we came into a very mountainous part, where there is an abundance of marble, and with the sun shining on it made it very beautiful. Later on we had one of the prettiest sunsets I ever saw.

From Sarzanna we went through a succession of tunnels (80), until we came out at Genoa. And, strange to say, the olive trees and marguerites were as thick in parts as the snow on the distant mountain tops.

On train.

## November 25.

It was 10 p.m. when we finished dinner, and after I had perused the four letters received I wrote off a short note to Jimmie D., as I really owed him an acknowledgement. I don't seem to get the time to write as many as I would

like. We only spent the night in Genoa so I know very little of it. Tom is too anxious for Paris and London again. He amuses me; he thinks every place he goes to will be a New York. I joke and tell him his geography has been neglected, and if he would refresh it instead of looking after traffic and English-speaking people with whom he can ask questions, it would be more beneficial.

The trains in Italy are owned by the Italian Government and some of them are very dirty, and it is really necessary to travel first class, while in the other countries second class is as good as our best.

We are just starting and are almost 30 minutes late. Thank Mrs. Martin for her kindness in sending the papers. We always seem to have her bundle in time to read on the train.

Ventimille, 2.45 p.m.

It is now getting on to 3 p.m., and we are at the frontier between France and Italy, and we had to put our watches back an hour. The baggage was also examined, and some had to stand a very severe scrutiny. Ours was passed all right, and Tom escaped without having his pockets examined. Cigars seem to be the most particular thing at all the Customs offices.

We have had a very nice Englishman with us for the greater part of the day, and he informs us he comes three times a year to Italy to buy marble for monuments. He is very

nice, and has made it quite pleasant, so we didn't bother about Cook's man at the station; in fact, at several places we dispensed with him. He isn't really necessary, and when you have a porter for the luggage you are relieved of the burden.

We have been at Ventimille for over an hour and we will have another hour's traveling before we reach Nice.

I will be glad to be off to get washed and brushed up. It has been warm all day, and with the train windows open heaps of extra dust or dirt has blown in.

Coming into the Riviera it is very beautiful. Parts are high and rugged, overlooking the sea, with palm trees as large as the Canadian oak for shade trees. Carnations and hedges of roses are in bloom for miles and miles.

The umbrella pines in the Borghese Gardens in Rome are much to be admired.

Grand Hotel, Nice.

### **November 25.**

It is 8.20 p.m., and we have just finished dinner, and Tom is having his hair trimmed while I am finishing this.

We arrived about 4.30, and have a most comfortable room with bath, overlooking a pretty square. The dinner was fine and we had duck for a change.

From what we have seen we think we will like it here. Tom very soon gets tired of a small place, but there is the traffic and quite a



Parisian air, so he will likely be contented. We passed Monte Carlo, and it looked good and interesting. Mr. McClellan, the guide we had in Brussels, was on the platform, and unfortunately, we did not notice him until the long train was pulling through the station.

On getting into the hotel bus a young man entered who had been at the Continental, in Rome, and who seemed to go every place we did, but we did not become acquainted. He usually had four ladies with him, and Tom simply refuses parties. After meeting him at Ventimille and again in the omnibus, Tom said: "Are you following us or are we following you?" It was funny, too, on coming to our room the clerk gave him the next room and opened the communicating door. It certainly was a joke and we all appreciated it. He happened to be from Australia, and so many we have met come from that direction, but none from Canada excepting Mr. Thompson, whom we met in Paris.

Before going to dinner we took a little stroll, and, greatly to our surprise, we met our favorite officer from the U. S. man-of-war "Utah." Haven't we been lucky in meeting acquaintances we have made in different places, unexpectedly? And also the weather, we have been very fortunate with, no rain, and always sunshine when we wanted it.

I don't know that I have any more to tell you to-night. Remember us kindly to all enquiring friends.

## November 27.

Somehow I didn't get an opportunity to write you yesterday, being out all day. and I used the few moments I had before lunch in writing Martin and Ollie.

Tom sent Maudie a short note and he is busy writing Nick just now.

It is almost 10 o'clock and this is the first morning we have had breakfast served to our room since leaving Nurnberg. The sun shines so nicely it is really more pleasant than the dining room, which is, as a rule, rather cool.

We like Nice very much, and it is without exception perfectly lovely. It has not, of course, the many churches, art galleries, etc., that Rome and other cities have for the tourist, but there is a sort of natural beauty which strongly fascinates the newcomer, and I think it is quite a good change for the two of us.

Nice is really a young Paris, similarly situated as Atlantic City, but instead of the numerous small shops bordering the promenade are the grand and expensive hotels, with rates ranging from \$20 a day up, just for apartments. It was crowded this morning, not a bench to be had for the tired ones. The shops in this vicinity and on Massena Place and Avenue are so full of pretty things to attract the millionaires I feel almost bilious looking at them.

We did not go to Mentone, as we should have, owing to a misunderstanding in Cook's office. We were busy all day on our own account. Cook's is always advised of our arrival, but as we were several days ahead of

the itinerary it caused the mistake. We were given cards to notify them in advance of any change, but in some way it did not reach them in time. However, it didn't really make any difference, as one day is as good as another, and there are so many other things to occupy one's time.

We went first to the flower market, where the display was most exquisite, all kinds, and so reasonable. I got a beautiful bouquet of American Beauties for our room for 1 franc. And the vegetables, too, were lovely, and one could have almost all they wanted of peas, cauliflower, tomatoes, celery, radishes, lettuce for a dollar. The market is like this all the year. It is a shame the beautiful sunshine of this climate is so far from home.

After lunch we had a drive through the city and up and down the Promenade des Anglais, viewing all the hotels, villas, and their pretty gardens. The ostrich farm, the first we have seen, is the only one of its kind in Europe, contains 60 to 80 birds, and rears each year from 30 to 40. The feathers, I can assure you, are much prettier to look at than the birds; in fact, they are ugly and seem so cross.

The carriages for hire are as nice as any private carriage in Toronto, and there is a cleanliness quite noticeable after coming from some parts of Italy. Drivers all crack the whip as a signal to clear the way. Amusements of all kinds, theatres, tea rooms are here, and we spent an hour or two at the Casino, and I was lucky enough to win 20 francs. To play you put a franc or any amount up to 20 on a

number, and the man who stands in the centre (dressed in black Prince Albert, grey gloves) drops a small red rubber ball, and it rolls around and around until it stops in one of the holes, and the person having the corresponding number wins. As many as like can put the money on one number. There are different odds. Four tables are kept busy, and they are about the size of a billiard table. It is very fascinating.

Near the hotel is a stream of water which runs into the sea under the city, and every day is washday. The poor people still hold to the old way of washing. Each woman kneels in a basket and has a stone or board for rubbing, and she soaps, rubs and wrenches the clothes in the stream. There is quite a current, so that they have clean water all the time. There must have been 500 at it this morning before 6, and they come from every vicinity, carrying the filled baskets on their heads. Throughout Germany and Italy we have seen this, and where there was no stream a large tub or trough had been made and perhaps as many as 25 or 30 would be hard at work.

### **November 28.**

This is really the nicest place we have come to this season. It is so delightful, and the mildness of its climate is due, I think, to its sheltered position. The season is just opening, and we have been told that there is accommodation for

100,000, who come for the sun baths and the perpetual spring.

Every hotel and villa has its new spring appearance, as they have been painted and housecleaned for the occasion. Nothing is neglected to draw the visitors, and the season is a continuation of fetes, such as horse and automobile races, pigeon shooting, dramatic performances, regattas, carnivals, horse shows, etc.

The municipal and regimental bands play alternately in the Casino and on the promenade every afternoon and evening from 2 o'clock.

The numerous cafes and tea rooms, complete in style and comfort, have musicians who play daily. And the museum, without comparison, of course, with those seen in Italy, is worthy of a little visit; also the many pretty churches.

We are going to Monte Carlo to-morrow, and we notice the papers are already giving long lists of guests who have arrived for the winter. Mr. Duff gave me a few francs to play, and I hope I will be lucky with it.

On our arrival here we found letters from you, Dollie, E. McC., and cards from D. McGann and Madge, and Tom had his second letter from J. McC. I wish you would acknowledge them all for me.

### **Saturday, 6.30 p.m.**

We have returned from Mentone, Monaco and Monte Carlo, and we have had a glorious day, driving there by the way of the upper

road, called the Castle Hill, which gives one of the finest sights of the Riviera, with the rocks overhanging, with roses, geraniums and other flowers, and the beautiful villas standing in gardens full of flowers and plants. Passed through Villefranche and were delighted to see the American fleet.

We stopped at Hotel Des Anglais for lunch, and it was indeed very good and tasty. Can you wonder at our good appetite with so much driving in the fresh air. The proprietor gave us a long talk of how nice it is there and the number of guests he can accommodate. The numerous walks around the town, and the excursions to be made at a short distance gives charming pastime to the visitor, and, really, one could spend a week or two nicely. Watching the bathers coming and going before lunch made Tom long for his suit. He has a craze for the water, for he is splashing some time every day.

About 1.30 we departed for Monte Carlo, and I could not express the elaborate gardens, surroundings, beautiful location, diamonds, style and money, heaps of it. However, I had the luck of winning \$1, while Tom d— his luck. He lost the 40 francs he won last evening. Of course, we were anxious for the visit, and it was certainly worth it. And, strange to say, the first two we met going in were Mr. and Mrs. Berkinshaw, of Russell Hill Drive. Tom was speaking to him for a moment. They came in on the Franconia, which was on her way from New York to Naples.

On entering the Casino one must present his

card, and a ticket of admission is made out and shown at the door. Gentlemen are requested to check coats and hats.

We were sorry, night coming on, we had to leave early, at 4.30, when a great crowd of style was arriving. It took two hours to come into Nice, and it was quite dark. Motor cars travel so quickly on the winding roads and through the tunnels that a carriage has a poor chance on the road. The battleships were all lighted up, also their powerful searchlights.

### **Sunday, Nov. 30.**

Very fine weather prevailed here again today, and the barometer indicates no change. It was so warm on the promenade that I had to take off my coat. Even my moire is a little too much sometimes.

Every bench was occupied and I was amused at Tom when he said he was eating it—he loves the sunshine. He doesn't bother about overcoat and gloves and that suits him. Dogs are used much as companions, and it is quite noticeable to see men and ladies carrying different colored blankets for them.

We went to mass in a quaint little church near the hotel, and later to the Cathedral for high mass, and it was packed, every seat being taken. The music and singing were beautiful.

After lunch we started for Monaco to make another visit to Monte Carlo, and we were fortunate enough to escape an Italian, a waiter, who suddenly went mad and attacked everybody he

encountered with a dessert knife. Some of the American sailors, who were on the train, gave great assistance to the crew in subduing the madman, but not until he had wounded several persons. The incident certainly caused the greatest sensation.

This was the important and last day of the U. S. fleet's visit, and the officers were busy returning courtesies extended to them by having a reception aboard the "Wyoming." The whole of Nice and the neighborhood turned out to wish Godspeed to the three American battle-ships, which left for their meeting place, near Gibraltar, on their way home.

The Wyoming was the first to get under way to the waving of handkerchiefs, and as the huge flagship began to move her band on deck struck up the "Marseillaise," which was greeted by cheers and applause from the onlookers on land.

And then the "Utah" and "Delaware," with their bluejackets lined up along the sides, followed their superior ship, playing the "Star Spangled Banner."

The farewell to France was, therefore, a very impressive spectacle, and at 4 o'clock every bell and whistle in Villefranche sounded as the great ships cast their moorings and steamed out of the harbor in the glorious Riviera sunset.

We were so glad to have witnessed the sojourn of the fleet, but sorry our time at Monte Carlo was limited, 6 o'clock coming so quickly, and we had to return to Nice. Tom was lucky, however, and won 160 francs, but I lost my 25.



We met some very nice American people who are stopping in Monaco, and they have seen a great deal of the Casino. The style is really marvelous, to say nothing of the money put on the tables. It is very fascinating to watch. We were told no one living as a citizen of Monaco is allowed to enter the Casino. It is for the tourist or stranger, and the Prince of Monaco reaps an immense revenue yearly for his privilege in allowing the games.

Monaco is an independent principality, and through all revolutions has been able to uphold its independence, notwithstanding its powerful neighbors, and as long as the Prince gives his authority the Casino holds good.

I must get into bed, as I am weary. I have had so much standing I am extra tired. We have decided to omit Marseilles; would rather spend the extra time here. It is just an hour longer from Nice to Paris, and being a seaport town we have been told there is nothing to see.

On train.

**Monday, Dec. 1.**

It is 6 p.m., and we are at Toulon, on our way to Marseilles. On going to Cook's to have our tickets altered to omit Marseilles, and take the morning train Tuesday to Paris, we found they were not acceptable on that train, so in order to arrive on the night of the 2nd, as we advised, we had to start this afternoon at 2.20, arriving at Marseilles at 7.20. It would

mean the expenditure of \$36 to exchange the tickets, and for one night we didn't consider it worth that much when there was no hurry.

Regina Hotel, Marseilles.

We have just finished dinner, and it was fine. Had a lovely train ride, and coming through the Riviera has been the prettiest we have had, and it was with a great deal of sorrow we departed from Nice.

On enquiring I found no mail, but hope to get some on our arrival in Paris, otherwise I will be very much disappointed. Our last letters were dated the 10th and they contain very old news now.

Driving from the depot to the hotel we were not very much impressed, but, as I said to Tom, it was hardly fair to judge or pass an opinion so quickly. But we both liked Nice, Monaco and Mentone so much that we will hardly be satisfied again until we reach Roxboro.

**Tuesday, 8.30 a.m.**

We are in the train waiting our departure to Paris, and we feel the change already. We have gradually come into cooler climate, and will miss the glorious sunshine of Italy and the Riviera, and the ease, comfort and pleasure we have enjoyed in Nice.

Just as we were leaving the hotel I received a letter from Mrs. Rush and Tessie. You might 'phone them for me. I will send a card in ac-

knowledge, and if we don't have a rolling homeward voyage I will have an opportunity of answering some of my letters. The day porter informed me that he had sent about ten letters on to Paris, so we will have them to-night.

As I told you, we intended passing up Marseilles, but found out at the last moment we would spend the night here. It really suited me better to have a good night's sleep and to feel equal for our long ride of 12 hours, and, consequently, we will see the country in the daylight. There is nothing particularly interesting to see at Marseilles, it being a sailing port for Egypt and the Mediterranean points.

This train is made up of first and second class coaches, with dining car. The first class is upholstered in tan with lace covers, while second is blue with the lace covers, so practically the only difference is in the color of the cushions, but a great difference in the price. As someone said to us, only Royalty or fools travel first class, and it is quite true, for the comfort is equal.

In Italy we traveled first class, but in the other countries second. We are quite comfortable, having two window seats, with a little table between us, which makes it so nice for writing or a game of Rummy. And our traveling clock, which Martin and Mrs. Martin so kindly gave us at their farewell dinner, has always had a prominent place on the table, and we both have become so attached and accustomed to it that it forms part of our important luggage, and would be impossible to get along

without it. We found it specially interesting going through the dark tunnels, when its illuminated figures gave us an idea of the length. The slippers, pens, drinking cups, and the many other useful gifts have all done their duty and have been more than appreciated. Another train has just pulled in, and I notice the ladies are wearing colored cloth top boots to match the suit.

Puppins would have great liberties here as far as traveling is concerned, but he would have to wear the muzzle. I never saw so many dogs as pets before. It is very difficult to take a dog into England. The law compels that it must be left in quarantine at the border for so many weeks to prove to the officials that there is no disease.

On our arrival last evening a man came to us and said something which we didn't understand. However, he wanted our bags opened, but in some way we passed through without doing so. It seems in the French towns particular attention is given to the carrying of essences, spirits, etc., from one to the other.

We are just off.

**8 p.m.**

We have finished dinner and have two hours more traveling. This has been our longest ride, and we have come into much cooler weather, as the windows are all steamed.

There has been a lady in this compartment suffering very much with indigestion or sick

stomach, and she has not been able to hold her head up or take a bite to eat all day. She does not talk English and is traveling alone.

Hotel Continental, Paris.

**11 p.m.**

We are again fixed up nicely in the Continental for another few days, and the lights of Gay Paree looked good after five hours' traveling in the dark. But I was almost ready to do damage when told there was no mail. However, after considerable searching, we were handed a bundle of papers but no letters.

**December 3.**

On getting up this morning I found your four letters, one from E. D., E. McC, and Dollie addressed to Marseilles, also yours, E. McC., E. D., and Dollie addressed to Paris. Jen Gilooly was good enough to send a card, and at noon received another letter from Ollie and Maudie. It kept me quite busy until after 10 getting through them all, and by the time I had our trunks rearranged ready for our trip back to London, as we had left them in storage in Paris, it was 1 p.m.

We lunched and went out until 4 p.m., when I returned to the hotel for a rest, and I must say Paris to me looked like the day after a funeral, very gloomy and sad, in comparison to the beautiful sunshine and the glor-

ious sunsets we have had, but I presume we need variety, it is the spice of life.

I sincerely hope Margaret is better. She seems young to have stomach trouble. From all accounts Dollie's house will be exceptionally nice, and I hope we will be home in time for its formal opening.

We will sail on the Lusitania on the 13th, as we will be unable to make the Mauretania. We leave Thursday, as we had a letter from Cook's office enclosing our reserved seat tickets on the train, Paris to Calais, and Dover to London. Tom thinks we might as well start and not make any further change. The predictions are fair weather and moderate crossing the Channel, so that sounds good to me.

I really haven't any news to give you tonight. Will write later from London, and that will probably be my last from this side, as the curtain will soon drop on our first European trip.

Hotel Cecil, Strand, London, W.C.

**Thursday, Dec. 4.**

This will be a very tiny note, as we have just come in from a good variety at the Tivoli, next to the Cecil, and I am anxious to catch the mail for the Mauretania. You will, of course, know before this that we sail on the Lusitania, as we spent our extra time in the Riviera.

Received your two letters, two from Dollie, E. Mc., and one from Maudie, Bro. Columbia,

and "little" Lillie Orr, and I had to laugh when I noticed she had addressed me "Dear big Lillie. Your papers and also a bundle from Mrs. Martin were waiting for us.

Well, we had a very rough passage, and I think a marine volcano must have struck the English Channel, as it was frightfully rough, taking 30 minutes longer than the regular time to make the crossing. The waves splashed right over the deck, and to me there seemed as much on top as underneath. I certainly stood it well, but Tom was a sick one. Fortunately for me I remained on deck, and the old seamen fixed me up with three rubber coats, so I managed to get over without any unpleasantness other than my anxiety for Tom. I couldn't move.

It has been raining all day, and the grate fire we have in our room is indeed very cosy and nice.

### **Friday, Dec. 5.**

It is almost 11 p.m., and where the day has gone to I don't know. It has passed so fast, and I have just finished a short note to M. Duggan, thanking her for her many kindnesses.

We were out in the shopping district all day, and as it commenced raining early we decided it would be a good day for the stores.

Tom has been rather busy writing Em. and Mrs. Oliver, telling them he will soon be home for lemon and apple pie. He is feeling fine to-night.

Love to all.

## December 6.

Just as I was thinking of going out to make a final raid on the shops before leaving, your letter of the 24th, one from Dollie, J. D., Em. and Car., and six bundles of papers came. Have enjoyed all, and I feel sure we have received all the mail addressed to us, as it has been following right along.

We are both O.K., and there is no need for any anxiety, and we are now waiting time for our departure. Tom will call on F. Metcalfe to-day.

## Saturday, Dec. 6.

I presume you have already acknowledged the letters received. I haven't anything very particular to write about, but I feel if I miss a day I may also miss a mail. Altogether I don't think I have neglected writing five or six days, so you should have a fairly good diary of our trip, and are well posted of our doings. However, it won't be long now, and then I will have a rest from writing. I am really getting pretty tired of it.

The weather has been very mixed since coming to London, but we have been repeatedly told it is what we are to expect, and we have become quite accustomed to the street illuminations on a foggy day.

I spent a very interesting morning in Harrod's big store, while Tom went to the sales stable, and then later we met at 1 p.m. to have lunch, which consisted of good roast chicken, sliced tomatoes, lettuce salad, celery, apple pie,



ice cream, etc. The restaurant in Harrod's is on the top, beautifully equipped and furnished, with an orchestra of five or six pieces. The store itself is very fine, and is considered the best departmental in London. Selfridge's is another good store, on the American or Canadian idea. All the stores close at 1 p.m. Saturday, and blinds drawn, and made very Sunday-like. The people were busy hurrying to the big rugby games, and every tram and taxi was crowded. I walked some distance with Tom and at 2.30 drove to the hotel to have a little rest and sleep.

We have been rather disappointed in not getting tickets for "The Girl from Utah," as all the seats are booked for up to the 20th of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Newbury, of Sandusky, whom we met in Paris in September, told us not to miss it. Of course, there are heaps of other shows, but knowing of this we were particularly anxious to see it. It is at the Adelphi, on the Strand, just opposite the Cecil, and if there is any chance of rush tickets I am willing to take them. Every available room in the Cecil is occupied and in use to-night, and crowded with people who have come in for the different banquets, etc. There is so much to see just in the hotel that we have let two evenings slip by without going out. Mr. Riches, of the Eaton Co., is here recuperating after a serious attack of pneumonia, and he has been very interesting, telling us of his experiences on his first trip to London.

We hope to see Mr. Duff again before we leave.

**Sunday, 9 a.m.**

I have just come in from the little Corpus Christi Church and am waiting for Tom to dress for breakfast, and then we will go to Westminster Cathedral. The music or rather the chanting is very nice there. Just now it is a beautiful day, but dear knows how long it will last.

I succeeded in getting a suit. I had to try a great many places, as it is a little late for this kind of shopping. It is Christmas trade now, and everywhere it is "Useful presents for Xmas," "The toy department or show opened," and "Xmas presents in all departments." I am almost tired reading these signs, and the streets are so very crowded it is impossible to get along with pleasure.

The window decorations are beautiful, and every conceivable place has been hollied and mistletoed, and it is a great treat to be in London at this season.

**11.30 p.m.**

Well, we walked to and from the Cathedral, and by noon there was a thick fog, and as Tom had been hoping to see a London fog he got it good and plenty, and as there was no pleasure outside we enjoyed the Sunday programme at the Cecil and a little nap as well.

Four p.m. we had afternoon tea in a pretty little tea room on the Strand, and after dinner, at 7.30, we went to the West End Picture Show, the best in London, and was pleasantly surprised to see Tivoli again. It looked

more beautiful than when we were there. Parsifal was also shown, accompanied with an orchestra of some 50 musicians. It was very good, and it was much after 11 o'clock when we came out.

### **Monday, 5.30 p.m.**

It has been very dull all day. I went to Oxford Street for a fitting of my suit, while Tom went to Hampton Wick to see Mr. Metcalfe, and, needless to say, he was so delighted to see him that he had to remain for lunch and promise that I would go out on Thursday.

The latest issue of Saturday Night has just come to us, and I presume Mr. McKim is the sender.

Tom had hopes of going to the boxing bout to-night to see Wells and Carpentier, but as standing room is \$25 I am afraid it is too near the last gasp of our trip to be too extravagant. You know it all counts now.

We have tried again for seats for "The Girl from Utah," but have been disappointed. We will try for "Who's the Lady?"

Must get ready for dinner.

### **12.10 p.m.**

Have been to the variety at the Coliseum, a fair show, but nothing extra. There were some very clever sea lions and seals, and different tango steps done to the Robert E. Lee.

Carpentier, the Frenchman, won the fight

in the first half-round, so those who paid high prices for tickets or standing room didn't get very much sport. I noticed on the bulletin or the paper that Wells was in a motor accident, and I don't know whether it had any effect to cause his defeat. However, he is, I believe, getting \$1,200 or more, so he should worry.

### **Tuesday, Dec. 9.**

Found your letter of the 27th Nov. waiting for me. Noted all with interest. So sorry to hear of Mr. Spence's death. It is rather foggy but mild, and as there is a mail going, I must close with love to all.

Hoping you are feeling better and will be O.K. for Christmas.

### **Tuesday, Dec. 9.**

As it is after 12 p.m. I have only time to tell you we have seen "The Girl from Utah," but had to take rush seats. They were in the lower half of the pit, so different from the Canadian theatres; in fact they were excellent, and are equal to the \$1 seats at the Princess or Royal. Should it ever come to Toronto in a good company don't fail to see it. It is a musical play in two acts, by James T. Tanner, and Dora Manners (Miss Munro) is exceptionally good. Music is catchy and the costumes and dresses very pretty.

We want to see "Quality Street" if we can. It is very good we have been told, but it is so hard to get seats. We were unable to get any

for "Who's the Lady." The Cattle Show, along with several other things, have brought in crowds, consequently seats have been booked well in advance.

#### **Thursday, Dec. 11, 11.45 p.m.**

I have been so busy these two days I have not had an opportunity of adding a paragraph or two to this.

After going to the Bank of Montreal and visiting Mr. Dodd, London manager for The Maclean Publishing Co., in his office, the morning was gone, and as I had an appointment for a fitting for my suit, we lunched up town at 1.30 and arrived back at the Cecil at 4 o'clock, in time to dress for dinner, as Mr. Dodd arranged to call at 5 to take us to his home in Wimbledon, seven miles out.

On our arrival we found Mrs Dodd and children well, and the latter are indeed a treasure to them, so perfectly well trained.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes called later to spend the evening, and altogether we had a very pleasant time. Cards were suggested, but all were so keenly interested with our travel talk that 11 p.m. came too quickly.

To-day we had lunch with Mr and Mrs. Metcalfe at East Lodge, Hampton Wick, 40 minutes ride from London, and we both enjoyed the day very much, having found them the most hospitable host and hostess. Unfortunately, their child, Jerry, a little boy of two years, was not very well, and Mrs Metcalfe is

so wrapped up in him that he got every attention, and she had to spend considerable time in the nursery.

After lunch, which, by the way, consisted of roast turkey, sausages, cranberries, potatoes, corn, spinach, plum pudding, mince pie, claret, lager, whiskey and soda, we enjoyed a pretty grate fire in the living room, while Tom and Mr. Metcalfe puffed cigars. Tom having been out the day before, had seen the horses, the prize chickens, and everything interesting outside, and to gaze on the antiques inside would take considerable time. One picture alone, which Mrs. Metcalfe values very highly, is carrying a heavy fire insurance.

At 5 o'clock tea was served, and we were real sorry to take our departure, and more sorry that Tom did not have this address before, as he and Mr. Metcalfe could have spent some very pleasant time together in London.

We finished the day by going to the Duke of York Theatre to see "Quality Street," a neat little comedy in four acts, and now we are having a little tea party in our room of sandwiches and Pilsener.

Had a letter from R. E. D. and he is still in Paris and not likely to return until the 18th or 20th. He wants to be remembered to all at Queen Street. He called at the Continental, to find we had gone, and we are real sorry to have missed him.

I haven't any more to tell you. We have just one day more before we sail, and the time has certainly gone too quickly. I can hardly believe the week is over us. I am hop-

ing for a good passage, but I am afraid not, according to the reports I have been reading. However, if not, I won't mind, as I have enjoyed almost every minute here, having been so well, and gained 16 pounds, that a day or two in bed won't hurt me.

It is past 12.30—too late to write any more.

### **Saturday, Dec. 13.**

We are now ready, trunks packed, bill paid, and waiting to go, and it is with a feeling of deepest regret we bid adieu to the Cecil and London, for it certainly has a fascination one cannot explain.

We leave on the steamboat express from Euston Station at 12 noon, and are having a beautiful sunshiny day to commence with.

On board the Lusitania.

### **Sunday, Dec. 14, 1 p.m.**

Well, we got off to a good start; every compartment taken; the sun shone beautifully all day, in fact, it was its first good appearance during our visit. However, the weather was very mild and nice, and as there is an attraction about London which grows on one, it was really hard to tear ourselves away. We spent fully a month and it was only a call, practically speaking.

We had very pleasant company on the first special, which pulled out just ten minutes ahead

of the second at 12 noon, in Mrs. Reynolds and daughter, who were coming to the United States as professionals in vaudeville. Mr. Reynolds, a son, who is in California, is to join them, and on their visit to Toronto we hope to meet them again. Unfortunately, they are traveling second class and we had to separate at the steamer. We had lunch on the train and went aboard immediately on our arrival at the Liverpool dock at 4 p.m., and it was 5.35 before the final whistle blew. We are a long way from the sight of land and all is well so far.

In the lounge last evening we met Mr. G. S. Munro, of London, and formerly of New Zealand and Australia, and he was so interesting that we chatted until Sunday morn. It must have been 1 o'clock when we retired, and we did not wake again until we heard the mail going on at Queenstown. We quickly dressed, and went out to see the little tenders loaded with the Christmas mail for friends in America. They put on 3,000 bags. Had breakfast and walked the deck until I am now ready for lunch. Hot bouillon or broth with crackers is always served at 11, but as I prefer something more substantial I usually decline.

Received a great many papers and letters when coming aboard, and many thanks to each and every one who has been good enough to keep in touch with us all the time. All mail sent to the Mauretania had been re-addressed and was also waiting for us.



## Wednesday morning, Dec. 17.

It is now time to change our watches, the horn has just blown, and we have come 1,270 miles.

Since Sunday night I have been in bed, not ill, but would have been had I got up. Almost everyone felt the motion. There was a rough head sea, and the velocity of the wind was terrific, and combined with the high speed the ship was traveling it certainly had a nasty effect. However, I was one of the fortunate ones not to be ill. I was quite comfortable in bed, had the attention of the steward and stewardess, ate very sparingly (roast potato, apple, and ginger ale), and am much the better for it.

Unless one has crossed the Atlantic they can never imagine the immensity of the waves in rough weather.

We will be at Sandy Hook at midnight and are already beginning to feel the American or perhaps the Labrador breeze. Tom couldn't content himself in bed during the rough weather, so he dressed and tried to eat, only to have the discomfort of getting rid of it, and finally he would have to lie down.

All are busy with the landing tickets, and I have just finished making our declaration of baggage.

Messrs. Powell, Riches and McGowan, buyers of draperies, carpets, and china, have been excellent company for Tom, and they were all joking him and said they would carry me on deck if I had not made my appearance when I did.

**Thursday, Dec. 18.**

It is a perfectly glorious day, and the abstract of the log is "strong breeze, and squally to moderate wind and fine; smooth sea." I was on deck before 7. It was so warm inside a great many were up early for the air. Instructions had been given to the engineers for extra steam, and they gave it in abundance.

We were at Sandy Hook at midnight and will dock about 8 a.m. Friday.

Since talking to some of the gentlemen Tom has been told we may not be able to stop over in Buffalo, and will have to take the night train. We both prefer the day ride and will not know definitely until we make enquiries at the dock. Will wire.

I have not written any letters, so I will ask you to be good enough to 'phone, acknowledging letters from Dollie, E. D., Mrs. Martin, and E. McC., received when coming aboard. I find the writing room so very warm it is not pleasant to sit in, and it is usually so crowded with men, who form a large percentage of the passenger list. In the dining room at my first meal I was the only lady with eleven men.

You will remember I was telling you of meeting Mr. Munro, well his daughter is Dora Manners in "The Girl from Utah," who took the part of the Irish girl, and who brought down the house with applause. There are a great many professionals traveling, particularly Jews, Germans and Japs. Mischa Elman, the noted violinist, has done a great deal of practising in his stateroom, but refuses to play for the pleasure of others in the lounge.

Lord Decies, who married a Miss Gould, was chairman of the musicale, and Mr. B. L. Herman gave a little talk on aviation and some of his experiences. He told of one time flying in the direction of California and dropping on the roof of a small house, and how frightened the people were.

I don't know that I have anything very particular now to write about. We will soon be home and will be glad to see all. I addressed cards to the families, but unfortunately Tom put them in the box at the Cecil instead of bringing them to the boat, as I had intended, and it will be some few days now before they cross.

With love and best wishes, and hoping all who are dear to us will some day have as grand and pleasant a trip as we are just finishing.

Cunard dock.

**Friday, Dec. 19, 10 a.m.**

While waiting for the baggage to be pulled off and placed under its proper initial for inspection, I am suffering terribly with cold feet, and we are eagerly waiting an officer at M to bond our luggage to Toronto. Mr. Mick, a buyer for Flett, Lowndes, has just said good-bye. Met Mrs. Reynolds again, and she tells me she was very ill all the way and never felt so badly before.

Dollie's wire of "welcome" was gratefully received, and we both appreciated it so much.

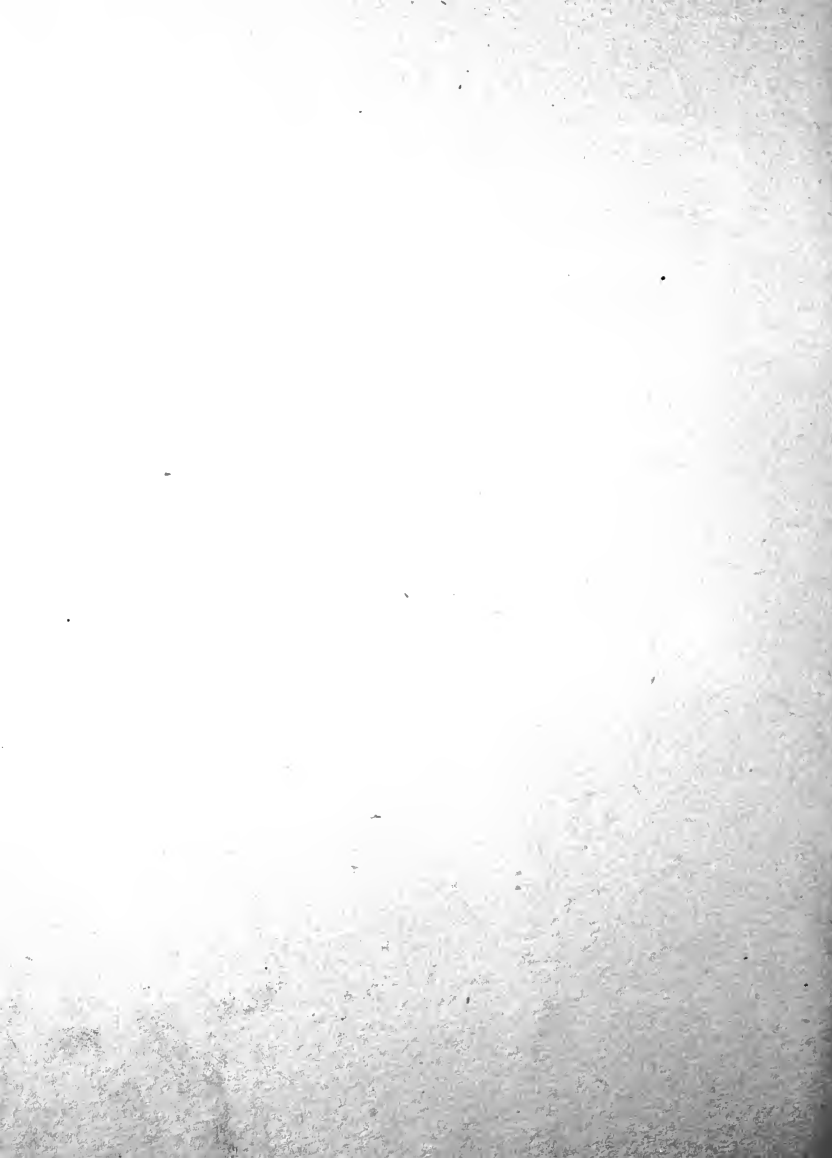
If there is a section left we will take it through to-night. My feet are too cold for New York. Made the passage in 4 days, 18 hours and 5 minutes.

Heaps of love until we see you all.

Sincerely,

Lilian and Tom.











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McCarron, Lilian  
Letters to my sister  
of our experiences on  
our first trip to  
Europe 1913. --

